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IACOBUS I. REX SCOTORUM.



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
JAMES I,  
KING OF SCOTLAND.

CONTAINING  
THE KING'S QUAIR,  
CHRISTIS KIRK OF THE GRENE,  
AND  
PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

---

CONSIDER IT WARILIE, REDE AFTINER THAN ANIS,  
WEIL AT ANE BLINK SLIE POETRY NOT TANE IS.

GAVIN DOUGLASS.

---

PERTH:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON, JUNIOR,  
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M,DCC,LXXXVII.



4713



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
DAVID STEWART ERSKINE,  
EARL OF BUCHAN,  
LORD CARDROSS &c.

THIS  
FIRST UNIFORM EDITION  
OF THE  
SCOTTISH POETS,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED;

AS A

*SMALL TESTIMONY,*

OF THE VERY HIGH ESTIMATION,  
WHICH IS ENTERTAINED OF HIS LORDSHIP'S  
PATRIOTIC AND ZEALOUS EXERTIONS,  
PROMOTING THE INTERESTS OF LITERATURE  
IN SCOTLAND;

AS WELL AS OF THE WARMEST GRATITUDE  
FOR THE DISTINGUISHED FAVOUR  
CONFERRED UPON,

HIS LORDSHIP'S MUCH OBLIGED,  
AND MOST OBEDIENT,  
HUMBLE SERVANTS,

R. MORISON AND SON.

3738  
.9





**P O R T R A I T**  
**O F**  
**K I N G J A M E S I.**

**THIS print was engraved from an authentic portrait in the collection of the EARL of BUCHAN, copied from the original, which is in the Keilberg Gallery, in the ancient mansion of the Lytrum Family, near Tubingen in Swabia.**

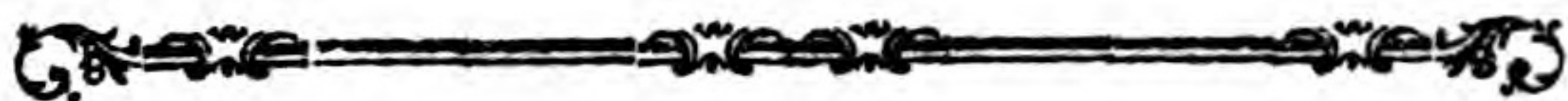
**Quhare as in ward, full oft I wold bewaille,  
My deadly lyfe, full of payne and penance;  
Saying oft thus, quhat have I gilt to faille  
My freedom in this warld, and my plesance.**

**The long dayes and the nyghtis ake,  
I wold bewaille my fortune in this wife.  
For quhich again distresse, confort to seke,  
My custum was on mornis for to rife,  
Airly as day, O happy exercise!**

**K. QUAIR, CANTO II.**





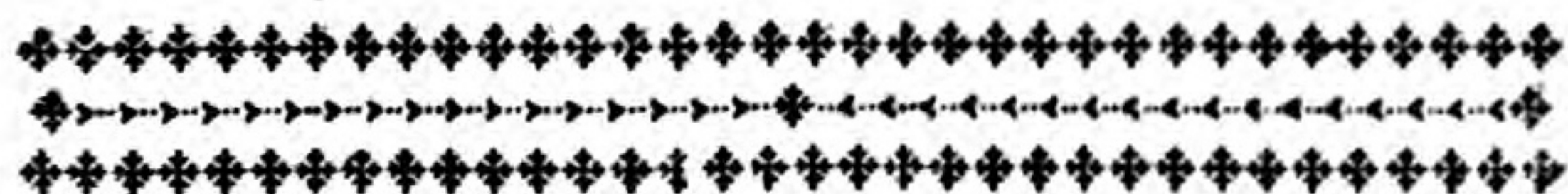


THE  
KING'S QUAIR,  
A  
POEM  
IN  
SIX CANTOS.









## INTRODUCTION.

THE following poem is the composition of James I, king of Scotland, one of the most illustrious persons who figured in the beginning of the 15th century. All the Scottish historians agree in extolling him as a prince of eminent virtue, an extraordinary genius, endued with every branch of the learning of his age. Balenden Arch Dean of Murray in his translation of H. Boece's History thus characterises him.

“ He was well learnt to fecht with the sword,  
“ to just, to tournay, to warfell, to sing and  
“ dance, he was ane expert medeciner, richt  
“ crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and  
“ findry other instruments of musik; he was  
“ expert in gramar, oratry, and poetry, and  
“ maid so flowand and sententious verses, ap-  
“ peared weel he was ane naturall and born  
“ Poete.”

This



This poem called the Quair was composed by him while he was a prisoner in the castle of Windsor, upon the lady Jane, a princess of the blood royal of England, whom he afterwards espoused : It probably would have shared the same fate of most of king James's other compositions, which are now lost, but for one manuscript copy of it which is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In that immense treasure of erudition, it has lyen in obscurity until lately, that by the curiosity and research of William Tytler of Woodhouselee, one of the Vice Presidents of the Society of Scots Antiquaries at Edinburgh, an authentic copy of this fine ancient poem was procured and presented to the public with explanatory notes and historical and critical dissertations upon it, and the other poetical remains of king James I\*.

As to the merit of the King's Quair, the public hath favourably determined ; indeed considering the age in which it was written, just  
beginning

\* Poetical remains of king James I. printed by J. and E. Balfours, Edinburgh, 1783.



beginning to emerge from the darknefs which had long obscured the Western Hemisphere, for the fancy and invention, the genuine simplicity of sentiment, and the glow of descriptive poetry which runs through it, it is a remarkable work.

The design or theme is the royal poet's love for his beautiful mistress Jane, with whom he became enamoured while a prisoner at the Castle of Windfor. The recollection of the misfortunes of his youth, his early and long captivity, the incident which gave rise to his love, its purity, constancy, and happy issue, are all set forth by way of allegorical vision, according to the reigning taste of the age of king James I, as we find from the poems of Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate his co-temporaries.

Chaucer the father of English poetry as he is the first, so he is the best poet of his age. He has shown the extent of his genius and learning in almost every species of poetry, from his heroic poem of Palæmon and Arcite, to his ballads. It might be imputed to national prejudice



prejudice were we to rank the Scottish prince as his rival in poetry, if we make the comparison however between the *Court of Venus* in the following poem, and Chaucer's *Court of Love*, our Scottish poet, will lose nothing by such comparison, particularly in the portraiture of the mistress of each poet. The *Jane of King James* is painted with as much beauty and with more tender delicacy than the buxom *Rosial of Chaucer*.

It must be confessed, that many of the beauties of these ancient poems must escape us from the mutability of the language, in the space of near 400 years, an imperfection attendant on every living language.

For the better understanding of the ancient Scottish language in the age of king James I, and following, the reader is referred to the excellent and learned Glossary prefixed to Gavin Douglas's Scottish translation of the *Aeneis of Virgil*.

THE  
K I N G ' s   Q U A I R.

---

C A N T O   I.

I.

**H**EIGH in the hevynis figure circularre  
The rody sterres twynkling as the fyre :  
And in Aquary \* *Citherea* the clere,  
Rynfid hir treffis like the goldin wyre,  
That late tofore, in faire and fresche atyre,  
Thro' *Capricorn* heved hir hornis bright,  
North northward approchit the myd nyght.

II.

Quhen as I lay in bed allone waking,  
New partit out of slepe a lyte tofore,  
Fell me to mynd of many diverse thing  
Of this and that, can I not say quharefore,  
Bot slepe for craft in erth myt I no more ;  
For quhich as tho' coude I no better wyle,  
Bot toke a boke to rede upon a quhile :

A

III.



## III.

Off quhich the name is clepit properly  
*b Boece*, efter him that was the compiloure,  
 Schewing counsele of philosophye,  
 Compilit by that nobil senatoure  
 Off Rome quhilome y<sup>t</sup> was the warldis floure,  
 And from estate by fortune a quhile  
 Foringit was, to povert in exile.

## IV.

And there to here this worthy lord and clerk,  
 His metir suete full of moralitee;  
 His flourit pen so fair he set a werk,  
 Discryving first of his prosperitee,  
 And out of that his infelicitee;  
 And than how he in his *c* poetly report,  
 In philosophy can him to confort.

## V.

For quhich tho<sup>t</sup> I in purpose at my boke,  
 To borowe a slepe at thilk time began,  
 Or ever I stent my best was more to loke  
 Upon the writing of this nobil man,  
 That in himself the full recover wan  
 Of his infortune, poverti, and distresse,  
 And in tham set his verray seckernesse.

## VI.

## VI.

And so the vertew of his zouth before  
Was in his age the ground of his delytis :  
Fortune the bak him turnyt, and therefore  
He makith joye and confort y<sup>t</sup> he quitis  
Of theire unfekir warldis appetitis,  
And so aworth he takith his penance,  
And of his vertew maid it fuffisance.

## VII.

With mony a nobil refon as him likit  
Enditing in his fair latyne tong,  
So full of fruyte, and rethorikly pykit,  
Quhich to declare my fcole is over zong ;  
Therefore I lat him pas, and in my tong  
Procede I will agayn to my fentence  
Of my mater, and leve all incidence.

## VIII.

The long ny<sup>t</sup> beholding, as I faide,  
Myn eyne gan to fmert for studying ;  
My boke I fchet, and at my hede it laide,  
And doun I lay, bot ony tarying,  
This mater new in my mynd rolling,  
This is to feyne how y<sup>t</sup> eche eftate,  
As Fortune lykith, thame will tranflate.

A 2

IX.



## IX.

For sothe it is, y<sup>t</sup>, on her tolter quhele,  
 Every wight cleverith in his stage,  
 And failyng foting oft quhen hir left rele  
 Sum up, fum doun, is non estate nor age  
 Ensured more, the Prynce than the page,  
 So uncouthly hir werdes she divideth,  
 Namely in zouth, that seildum ought provideth.

## X.

Among thir thoughtis rolling to and fro,  
 Fell me to mynd of my fortune and ure,  
 In tender zouth how sche was first my fo,  
 And eft my frende, and how I gat recure  
 Of my distresse, and all my aventure  
 I gan ourhayle, y<sup>t</sup> langer slepe ne rest  
 Ne my<sup>t</sup> I nat, sa were my wittis wrest.

## XI.

For-wakit and for-wallouit thus musing,  
 Wery for-lyin, I lestnyt sodaynlye,  
 And sone I herd the bell to matins ryng,  
 And up I rase na langer wald I lye;  
 But now how trowe ze fuich a fantasye  
 Fell me to my mynd, y<sup>t</sup> ay me tho<sup>t</sup> the bell  
 Said to me, Tell on man, quhat the befell.

## XII.

## XII.

Tho<sup>t</sup> I tho' to myself, quhat may this be?  
 This is my awin ymaginacion,  
 This is no lyf y<sup>t</sup> spekis unto me,  
 It is a bell or that impressioun  
 Of my tho<sup>t</sup> causith this illusioun,  
 That dooth me think so nycely in this wise.  
 And so befell as I schall zou devise.

## XIII.

Determyt furth therew<sup>t</sup> in myn entent,  
 Sen I thus have ymagynit of this foun,  
 And in my tyme more ink and paper spent  
 To lyte effect, I tuke conclusioun  
 Sum new thing to write; I fet me doun,  
 And furth w<sup>t</sup> all my pen in hand I tuke,  
 And maid a + and thus begouth my buke.

## XIV.

Though zouth of nature indegest,  
 Unrypit fruyte w<sup>t</sup> windis variable,  
 Like to the bird y<sup>t</sup> fed is on the nest,  
 And can not flee, of wit wayke and unstable,  
 To fortune both and to infortune hable,  
 Wist thou thy payne to cum and thy travaille,  
 For sorow and drede wele my<sup>t</sup> thou wepe and waile.

A 3

XV.



## XV.

Thus stant thy confort in unsekerneffe,  
 And wantis it, yt fuld the reule and gye,  
 Ry<sup>t</sup> as the schip that failith sterclefs,  
 Upon the rok most to harmes hye,  
 For lak of it yt fuld bene her supplee;  
 So standis thou here in this warldis rage,  
 And wantis yt fuld gyde all thy viage.

## XVI.

I mene this of myself, as in partye,  
 Though nature gave me suffisance in zouth,  
 The rypheness of reson lak I  
 To governe with my will, so lyte I couth,  
 Quhen sterclefs to travaille I begouth,  
 Amang the wavis of this world to drive,  
 And how the case anon I will describe.

## XVII.

With doubtfull hert, amang the rokkis blake,  
 My feble bote full fast to stercle and rowe,  
 Helpless alone the wynter ny<sup>t</sup> I wake,  
 To wayte the wynd yt furthward fuld me throwe  
 O empti faile! quhare is the wynd fuld blowe  
 Me to the port quhare gyneth all my game?  
 Help, Calyope, and wynd, in Marye name!

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

The rokkis clepe I, the prolixitee  
Of doubtfulnesse y<sup>t</sup> doith my wittis pall,  
The lak of wynd is the difficultee,  
In enditing of this lytill trecty small:  
The bote I clepe, the mater hole of all,  
My wit unto the faile y<sup>t</sup> now I wynd,  
To feke conyng, tho' I bot lytill fynd.

## XIX.

At my begynning first I clepe and call  
To zou Clio and to zou Polyme,  
With *e* Thesiphone goddis and fistris all,  
In nowmer IX. as bokis specifye,  
In this proceffe my wilsum wittis gye,  
And with zour bry<sup>t</sup> lanternis wele convoye  
My pen to write my turment and my joye.

The





T H E  
K I N G's Q U A I R.

---

C A N T O II.

HIS INTENDED VOYAGE TO FRANCE.

I.

**I**N vere y<sup>t</sup> full of vertu is and gude,  
Quhen nature first begyneth hir enprise,  
That quhilum was be cruel frost and fiude,  
And schouris scharp opprest in mony wise,  
And *f* Synthus gyneth to aryse  
Heigh in the est, a morrowe soft and suete,  
Upward his course to drive in Ariete.

II.

Passit bot myd-day foure greis evin  
Of lenth and brede his angel wingis bryt,  
He spred upon the ground doun fro the hevin,  
That for gladnesse and confort of the sight,  
And with the tiklyng of his hete and light,  
The tender flouris opynit thame and sprad,  
And in thair nature thankit him for glad.

III.



## III.

g Not far passit the state of innocence  
 Bot nere about the nowmer of zeiris thre,  
 Were it caufit throu hevinly influence  
 Of Goddis will, or other casualtee,  
 Can I not say, bot out of my contree,  
 By thair avise y<sup>t</sup> had of me the cure  
 Be see to pas, tuke I my aventure.

## IV.

Purvait of all y<sup>t</sup> was us necessarye,  
 With wynd at will, up airely by the morowe,  
 Streight unto schip no longere wold we tarye,  
 The way we tuke the tyme I tald to forowe,  
 With mony fare wele, and Sanct Johne to borowe  
 Of falowe and frende, and thus w<sup>t</sup> one assent,  
 We pullit up saile and furth our wayis went.

## V.

Upon the wevis weltring to and fro,  
 So infortunate was we that fremyt day,  
 That maugre plainly quethir we wold or no,  
 W<sup>t</sup> strong hand by forse schortly to say,  
 Of inymyis taken and led away,  
 We weren all, and bro<sup>t</sup> in thaire contree,  
 Fortune it schupe non othir wayis to be.

## VI.

## VI.

*b* Quhare as in strayte ward, and in strong prison,  
 So fere forth of my lyf the hevy lyne,  
 W<sup>t</sup>out confort in forowe, abandoune  
 The secund siftere, lukit hath to twayne,  
 Nere, by the space of zeris twice nyne,  
 Till Jupiter his merci list advert,  
 And send confort in relefche of my smert.

## VII.

Quhare as in ward full oft I wold bewaille  
 My dedely lyf, full of peyne and penance,  
 Saing ryt thus, quhat have I gilt to faille,  
 My fredome in this warld and my plesance?  
 Sen every wight has thereof suffisance,  
 That I behold, and I a creature  
 Put from all this, hard is myn aventure?

## VIII.

The bird, the beste, the fisch eke in the see,  
 They lyve in fredome everich in his kynd;  
 And I a man, and lakith libertee  
 Quhat fall I feyne, quhat reson may I fynd,  
 That fortune fuld do so? thus in my mynd,  
 My folk I wold argewe, bot all for not,  
 Was none that my<sup>t</sup> y<sup>t</sup> on my peynes rought:

## IX.



## IX.

Than wold I fay, Giff God me had devisit  
 To lyve my lyf in thraldom thus and pyne,  
 Quhat was the cause y<sup>t</sup> he more me comprifit,  
 Than othir folk to lyve in fuch ruyne?  
 I fuffere alone amang the figuris nyne,  
 Ane wofull wrache y<sup>t</sup> to no wight may fpede,  
 And zit of every lyvis help has nede.

## X.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke,  
 I wold bewaille my fortune in this wife,  
 For quhich again distrefse confort to feke,  
 My custum was on mornis for to rife  
 Airly as day, O happy exercife!  
 By the come I to joye out of turment,  
 Bot now to purpose of my first entent.

## XI.

Bewailling in my chamber thus allone,  
 Despeired of all joye and remedye,  
 For-tirit of my thot and wo-begone,  
 And to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,  
 To fee the world and folk y<sup>t</sup> went forbye,  
 As for the tyme though I of mirthis fude,  
 My<sup>t</sup> have no more, to luke it did me gude.

## XII.

## XII.

Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall  
 A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set,  
 Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and smali,  
 Railit about, and so w<sup>t</sup> treis set  
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,  
 That lyf was non walkyng there forbye,  
 That my<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup>in scarce any wight aspye.

## XIII.

So thick the beuis and the leves grene  
 Beschadit all the allyes y<sup>t</sup> there were,  
 And myddis every herbere my<sup>t</sup> be sene  
 The scharp grene suete jenepere,  
 Growing so fair w<sup>t</sup> branchis here and there,  
 That, as it semyt to a lyf w<sup>t</sup>out,  
 The bewis spred the herbere all about.

## XIV.

And on the smali grene twiftis fat  
 The lytil suete nyghtingale, and song  
 So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat  
 Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,  
 That all the gardynis and the wallis rong  
 Ry<sup>t</sup> of thaire song, and on the copill next  
 Of thaire suete armony, and lo the text.

B

*Cantus*



*Cantus XV.*

Worſchippe ze y<sup>t</sup> loveris bene this May,  
 For of zour bliſs the kalendis are begonne,  
 And ſing w<sup>t</sup> us, away winter away,  
 Come ſomer come, the fueſte ſeſon and ſonne,  
 Awake, for ſchame! y<sup>t</sup> have zour hevynis wonne,  
 And amourolly liſt up zour hedis all,  
 Thank luſe y<sup>t</sup> liſt zou to his merci call.

## XVI.

Quhen thai this ſong had ſong a littil thrawe,  
 Thai ſtent a quhile, and therew<sup>t</sup> unafraid,  
 As I beheld, and keſt myn eyen a lawe,  
 From beugh to beugh, thay hippit and thai plaid,  
 And freſchly in thair birdis kynd araid,  
 Thaire fatheris new, and fret thame in the ſonne,  
 And thankit luſe, y<sup>t</sup> had thair makis wonne.

## XVII.

This was the plane ditie of thaire note,  
 And therew<sup>t</sup> all unto myſelf I tho<sup>t</sup>,  
 Quhat luſe is this, that makis birdis dote?  
 Quhat may this be, how cummyth it of ought?  
 Quhat nedith it to be ſo dere ybought?  
 It is nothing, trowe I, bot feynit chere,  
 ; And that one liſt to counterfeten chere.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

Eft wold I think, O Lord, quhat may this be ?

That lufe is of fo noble myt and kynde,  
Lufing his folk, and fuich prosperitee

Is it of him, as we in bukis fynd,  
May he oure hertis fetten and unbynd :

Hath he upon our hertis fuich maiftrye ?

Or all this is bot feynit fantaſye ?

## XIX.

For giff he be of fo grete excellence,

That he of every wight hath cure and charge,  
Quhat have I gilt to him, or doon offense ?

That I am thrall, and birdis gone at large,  
Sen him to ferve he myt fet my corage,

And, gif he be not fo, than may I feyne  
Quhat makis folk to jangill of him in veyne ?

## XX.

Can I not ellis fynd bot giff yt he

Be lord, and, as a god, may lyve and regne,  
To bynd, and louſe, and maken thrallis free,

Than wold I pray his bliſful grace benigne,  
To hable me unto his ſervice digne,

And evermore for to be one of tho

Him trewly for to ſerve in wele and wo.

B 2

XXI.



## XXI.

And therew<sup>t</sup> keft I doun myn eye ageyne,  
Quhare as I faw walkyng under the Toure,  
Full fecretely, new cumyn hir to pleyne,  
The faireft or the freſcheft zoung floure  
That ever I fawe, methot<sup>t</sup>, before that houre,  
For quhich fodayne abate, anon aſtert,  
The blude of all my body to my hert.

## XXII.

And though I ſtood abaifit tho a lyte,  
No wonder was ; for quhy ? my wittis all  
Were ſo ouercome w<sup>t</sup> plefance and delyte,  
Only through latting of myn eyen fall,  
That fudaynly my hert become hir thrall,  
For ever of free wyll, for of manace  
There was no takyn in hir ſuete face.

## XXIII.

And in my hede I drew ry<sup>t</sup> haſtily,  
And eft ſones I lent it out ageyne,  
And faw hir walk that verray womanly,  
With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne,  
Than gan I ſtudy in myſelf and feyne,  
Ah ! ſuete are ze a worldly creature,  
Or hevingly thing in likenefſe of nature ?

## XXIV.

## XXIV.

Or ar ze god Cupidis owin princeffe?  
 And cumyn are to louse me out of band,  
 Or are ze veray Nature the goddesse,  
 That have depayntit w<sup>t</sup> zour hevinly hand,  
 This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?  
 Quhat fall I think, allace! quhat reverence  
 Sal I mefter to zour excellence?

## XXV.

Giff ze a goddesse be, and y<sup>t</sup> ze like  
 To do me payne, I may it not astert;  
 Giff ze be warldly wight, y<sup>t</sup> dooth me like,  
 Quhy lest God mak zou so my dereft hert,  
 To do a fely prifoner thus smert,  
 That lufis zou all, and wote of not but wo,  
 And, therefore, merci fuede! fen it is fo.

## XXVI.

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my mone,  
 Bewailing myn infortune and my chance,  
 Unknawin how or quhat was best to done,  
 So ferre I fallying into lufis dance,  
 That fodeynly m<sup>y</sup> wit, my contenance,  
 My hert, my will, my nature, and m<sup>y</sup> mynd,  
 Was changit clene ry<sup>t</sup> in ane other kind.

B 3

## XXVII.



## XXVII.

Of hir array the form gif I sal write,  
 Toward her goldin haire, and rich atyre,  
 In fretwise couchit w<sup>t</sup> perlis quhite,  
 And grete & balas lemyng as the fyre,  
 W<sup>t</sup> mony ane emerant and faire saphire,  
 And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,  
 Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe.

## XXVIII.

Full of quaking spangis bry<sup>t</sup> as gold,  
 Forgit of schap like to the / amorettis,  
 So new, so fresch, so pleasant to behold,  
 The plumys eke like to the floure jonettis,  
 And other of schap, like to the floure jonettis ;  
 And, above all this, there was, wele I wote,  
 Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.

## XXIX.

About hir neck, quhite as the fyre amaille,  
 A gudelic cheyne of small orfeverye,  
 Quhare by there hang a ruby, w<sup>t</sup>out faille  
 Like to ane hert schapin verily,  
 That, as a sperk of lowe so wantonly  
 Semyt birnyng upon hir quhite throte,  
 Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote.

XXX.

## XXX.

And for to walk that fresche Mayes morowe,  
Ane huke she had upon her tiffew quhite,  
That gudeliare had not bene sene to forowe,  
As I suppose, and girt sche was alyte;  
Thus halflyng lowse for haste, to fuich delyte,  
It was to see her zouth in gudelihed,  
That for rudenes to speke thereof I drede.

## XXXI.

In hir was zouth, beautee, w<sup>t</sup> humble aport,  
Bountee, richeffe, and womanly faiture,  
God better wote than my pen can report,  
Wisdomme, largeffe estate, and conyng sure  
In every point, so guydit hir mesure,  
In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,  
That nature my<sup>t</sup> no more hir childe auance.

## XXXII.

Throw quhich anon I knew and understude  
Wele y<sup>t</sup> sche was a warldly creature,  
On quhom to rest myn eye, so mich gude  
It did my woful hert, I zow assure  
That it was to me joye w<sup>t</sup>out mesure,  
And, at the last, my luke unto the hevin  
I threwe furthwith, and said thir versis sevin :

## XXXIII.



## XXXIII.

O Venus clere ! of goddis stellifyit,  
 To quhom I zelde homage and sacrifice,  
 Fro this day forth zour grace be magnifyit,  
 That me reffauit have in such wife,  
 To lyve under zour law and so feruise ;  
 Now help me furth, and for zour merci lede  
 My hert to rest, y<sup>t</sup> deis nere for drede.

## XXXIV.

Quhen I w<sup>t</sup> gude entent this orison  
 Thus endit had, I stynt a lytill stound,  
 And eft myn eye full pitoufly adoun  
 I keft, behalding unto hir lytill hound,  
 That w<sup>t</sup> his bellis playit on the ground,  
 Than wold I fay, and figh therew<sup>t</sup> a lyte,  
 Ah ! wele were him y<sup>t</sup> now were in thy plyte !

## XXXV.

An othir quhile the lytill nyghtingale,  
 That sat upon the twiggis, wold I chide,  
 And fay ryt thus, Quhare are thy notis smale,  
 That thou of love has song this morowe tyde ?  
 Seis thou not hir y<sup>t</sup> fittis the besyde ?  
 Ffor Venus' sake, the blisfull goddeffe clere,  
 Sing on agane, and mak my Lady chere.

## XXXVI.

## XXXVI.

And eke I pray, for all the paynes grete,  
 That, for the love of Proigne, thy sifter dere,  
 Thou sufferit quhilom, quhen thy brestis wete  
 Were with the teres of thyne eyen clere,  
 All bludy ronne y<sup>t</sup> pitee was to here,  
 The crueltee of that unkny<sup>t</sup>ly dede,  
 Quhare was fro the bereft thy maidenhede.

## XXXVII.

Lift up thyne hert, and sing w<sup>t</sup> gude entent,  
 And in thy notis suete the trefon telle,  
 That to thy sifter trewe and innocent,  
 Was kythit by hir husband false and fell,  
 Ffor quhois gilt, as it is worthy well,  
 Chide thir husbandis y<sup>t</sup> are false, I say,  
 And bid them mend in the *m* XX deuil way.

## XXXVIII.

O lytill wreich, allace! maist thou not se  
 Quho comyth zond? Is it now time to wring?  
 Quhat fory tho<sup>t</sup> is fallin upon the?  
 Opyn thy throte; hastow no left to sing?  
 Allace! sen thou of reson had felyng,  
 Now, fwete bird say ones to me pepe,  
 I dee for wo; me think thou gynis slepe.

## XXXIX.



## XXXIX.

Haftow no mynde of lufe? quhare is thy make?  
 Or artow feke, or smyt wt jeloufye?  
 Or is fche dede, or hath fche the forlake?  
 Quhat is the caufe of thy melancolye,  
 That thou no more list maken melodye?  
 Sluggart, for fchame! lo here thy golden houre  
 That worth were hale all thy lyvis laboure.

## XL.

Gif thou fuld fing wele ever in thy lyve,  
 Here is, in fay, the time, and eke the fpace:  
 Quhat woftow then? Sum bird may cum and ftryve  
 In fong wt the, the maiftry to purchace.  
 Suld thou than cefse, it were great fchame allace,  
 And here to wyn gree happily for ever;  
 Here is the tyme to fyng, or ellis never.

## XLI.

I thot eke thus gif I my handis clap,  
 Or gif I caft, than will fche flee away;  
 And, gif I hald my pes, than will fche nap;  
 And gif I crye, fche wate not quhat I fay:  
 Thus quhat is beft, wate I not be this day,  
 Bot blawe wynd, blawe, and do the lewis fchake,  
 That sum tuig may wag, and make hir to wake.

## XLII.

## XLII.

With that anon ry<sup>t</sup> fche toke up a fang,  
 Quhare com anon mo birdis and alight;  
 Bot than to here the mirth was tham amang,  
 Ouer that to fee the fucte ficht  
 Of hyr ymage, my fpirit was fo light,  
 Methot I flawe for joye w<sup>t</sup>out areft,  
 So were my wittis bound in all to fet.

## XLIII.

And to the nottis of the philomene,  
 Quhilkis fche fang the ditee there I maid  
 Direct to hir y<sup>t</sup> was my hertis quene,  
 Withoutin quhom no fongis may be glade,  
 And to that fanct walking in the fchade,  
 My bedis thus with humble hert entere,  
 Deuotly I faid on this manere.

## XLIV.

Quhen fall zour merci rew upon zour man,  
 Quhois feruice is yet uncouth unto zow,  
 Sen quhen ze go, there is not ellis than,  
 Bot hert quhere as the body may not throu  
 Folow thy hevin, quho fuld be glad bot thou,  
 That fuch a gyde to folow has undertake,  
 Werè it throu hell, the way thou no<sup>t</sup> forfake.

## XLV.



## XLV.

And, efter this, the birdis everichone  
 Tuke up ane other sang full loud and clere,  
 And w<sup>t</sup> a voce faid, Well is vs begone,  
 That with our makis are togider here ;  
 We proyne and play w<sup>t</sup>out dout and dangere,  
 All clothit in a foyte full fresch and newe,  
 In luffis service besy, glad, and trewe.

## XLVI.

And ze fresch May, ay mercifull to bridis,  
 Now welcum be, ze floure of monethis all,  
 Ffor not onely zour grace upon us bydis,  
 Bot all the warld to witnes this we call,  
 That strowit hath so plainly over all,  
 W<sup>t</sup> new fresch suete and tender grene,  
 Our lyf, our lust, our governoure, our quene.

## XLVII.

'This was their sang, as semyt me full heye,  
 W<sup>t</sup> full mony uncouth fwete note and schill,  
 And therew<sup>t</sup> all that faire vpward hir eye  
 Wold cast amang, as it was Goddis will,  
 Quhare I might se, standing alone full still,  
 The faire faiture y<sup>t</sup> nature, for maistrye,  
 In hir visage wro<sup>t</sup> had full lufingly.

## XLVIII.

## XLVIII.

And, quhen sche walkit, had a lytill thrawe  
 Under the fuede grene bewis bent,  
 Hir faire fresch face, as quhite as any snawe,  
 Sche turnyt has, and furth her wayis went ;  
 Bot tho began myn axis and turment,  
 To fene hir part, and folowe I na myt,  
 Metho<sup>t</sup> the day was turnyt into nyt.

## XLIX.

Than faid I thus, Quharto lyve I langer ?  
 Wofullest wicht, and subject unto peyne :  
 Of peyne ? no : God wote ze, for thay no stranger  
 May wirken ony wight, I dare wele seyne.  
 How may this be, y<sup>t</sup> deth and lyf both tueyne ?  
 Sall bothe atonis, in a creature  
 Togidder dwell, and turment thus nature ?

## L.

I may not ellis done, bot wepe and waile  
 Within thir cald wallis thus ylokin :  
 From hensfurth my rest is my travaile ;  
 My drye thirst with teris fall I flokin,  
 And on my self bene all my harmys wrokin :  
 Thus bute is none ; bot Venus, of hir grace,  
 Will schape remede, or do my spirit pace.

## C

## LI.



## LI.

As Tantalus I travaile, ay buteles  
 That ever ylike hailith at the well  
 Water to draw, w<sup>t</sup> buket bottemless,  
 And may not spede, quhois penance is ane hell;  
 So by myself this tale I may well telle,  
 For unto hir y<sup>t</sup> herith not I pleyne,  
 Thus like to him my travaile is in veyne.

## LII.

So fore thus fighit I w<sup>t</sup> myself allone,  
 That turnyt is my strength in febilnesse,  
 My wele in wo, my frendis all in fone,  
 My lyf in deth, my ly<sup>t</sup> into dirkness,  
 My hope in feere, in dout my sekirnesse;  
 Sen sche is gone, and God mote hir conuoye,  
 That me may gyde fro turment and to joye.

## LIII.

The long day thus gan I pryde and poure,  
 Till Phebus endit had his bemes bryt,  
 And bad go farewele every lef and floure,  
 This is to say, approach gan the ny<sup>t</sup>,  
 And Esperus his lampis gan to light,  
 Quhen in the wyndow, still as any ston,  
 I bade at lenth, and, kneeling, maid my mone.

LIV.

## LIV.

So lang till evin for lak of my<sup>t</sup> and mynd,  
Ffor-wepit and for-pleynit piteously,  
Ourset so sorrow had bothe hert and mynd,  
That to the cold stone my hede on wrye  
I laid, and lenit, amaisit verily !  
Half-sleeping and half-fuoun, in such a wife,  
And quhat I met I will zou now deuise.

C 2

The





T H E  
K I N G's Q U A I R.

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C A N T O III.

THE POET IS TRANSPORTED TO THE SPHERE OF  
LOVE.

I.

**M**ETHOT yt thus all sodeynly a lyt,  
In at the wyndow come quhare at I lent,  
Of quhich the chambere wyndow schone full bryt,  
And all my body so it hath ouerwent,  
That of my sicht the vertew hale I blent,  
And that wt all a voce unto me said,  
I bring the comfort and hele, be not affrayde.

II.

And furth anon it passit sodeynly,  
Quhere it come in, the ryt way ageyne,  
And sone methot furth at the dure in hye  
I went my weye, was nathing me ageyne,  
And hastily, by bothe the armes tueyne,  
I was araisit up into the aire,  
Clippit in a cloude of crystall clere and faire.



## III.

Ascending vpward ay fro spere to spere,  
 Through aire and watere and the hote fyre,  
 Till y<sup>t</sup> I come vnto the circle clere,  
 Off signifere quhare fair bry<sup>t</sup> and schere,  
 The signis schone, and in the glad empire  
 Off blisful Venus ane cryit now  
 So fudaynly, almost I wist not how.

## IV.

Off quhich the *n* place, quhen I com there nye,  
 Was all methot<sup>t</sup> of chrystal stonis wrot<sup>t</sup>,  
 And to the port I listit was in hye,  
 Quhare sodaynly, as quho fais at a thot<sup>t</sup>,  
 It opnyt, and I was anon inbrot<sup>t</sup>.  
 W<sup>t</sup>in a chamber, large rowm and faire,  
 And there I fand of people grete repaire.

## V.

This is to feyne, y<sup>t</sup> present in that place,  
 Methot<sup>t</sup> I saw of every nacion  
 Loueris y<sup>t</sup> endit thaire lyfis space  
 In lovis service, mony a mylion  
 Of quhois chancis maid is mencion  
 In diuerse bukis quho thame list to se,  
 And therefore here thaire namys lat I be.

## VI.

## VI.

The quhois aventure and grete laboure  
Abone their hedis writen there I fand,  
This is to feyne martris, and confessoure,  
Ech in his stage, and his make in his hand ;  
And therew<sup>t</sup> all thir peple sawe I stand,  
W<sup>t</sup> mony a solempt contenance,  
After as lufe thame lykit to auance.

## VII.

Off gude folkis y<sup>t</sup> faire in lufe befell,  
There saw I sitt in order by thame *one*  
W<sup>t</sup> *bedis bore*, and w<sup>t</sup> thame stude *gude will*  
To talk and play, and after that anon  
Besyde thame, and next there saw I gone  
*Curage*, amang the fresche folkis zong,  
And w<sup>t</sup> thame playit full merily, and song.

## VIII.

And in ane other stage, endlong the wall,  
There saw I stand in capis wyde and l an  
A full grete nowmer, but thaire hudis all  
Wist I not why, atoure thair eyen hang,  
And ay to thame come *Repentance* amang,  
And maid thame chere degysit in his wede,  
And downward efter that zit I tuke hede.

## IX.



## IX.

Ry<sup>t</sup> ouer thwert the chamber was there drawe  
 A trevesse thin and quhite, all of plesance,  
 The quhich behynd standing there, I sawe  
 A world of folk, and by thaire contenance  
 Thair hertis femyt full of displefance,  
 W<sup>t</sup> billis in thaire handis of one assent,  
 Vnto the judge thaire playntis to present.

## X.

And there w<sup>t</sup>all apperit vnto me  
 A voce, and said, Tak hede, man, and behold:  
 Zonder there thou seis the hiest stage and gree  
 Of agit folk, w<sup>t</sup> hedis hore and olde;  
 Zone were the folk y<sup>t</sup> never change wold  
 In lufe, but trewly fervit him alway,  
 In every age, vnto thaire ending day.

## XI.

For fro the time y<sup>t</sup> thai could vnderstand  
 The exercise of lufis craft, the cure  
 Was non on lyve y<sup>t</sup> toke so much on hand  
 For lufis sake, nor langer did endure  
 In lufis service; for, man, I the assure,  
 Quhen thay of zouth reffavit had the fill,  
 Zit in thaire age thame lakkit no gude will.

## XII.

## XII.

Here bene also of fuich as in counfailis,  
 And all thare dedis were to Venus trewe,  
 Here bene the Princis faucht the grete batailis,  
 In mynd of quhom ar maid the bukis newe ;  
 Here bene the poetis yt the sciencis knewe,  
 Throwout the warld, of lufe in thair suete layes,  
 Such as Ovide and Omere in thair dayes.

## XIII.

And efter thame down in the next stage,  
 There, as thou seis, the zong folkis pleye :  
 Lo! these were thay that, in thaire myddill age,  
 Servandis were to lufe in mony weye,  
 And diversely happenit for to deye,  
 Sum sorrowfully for wanting of thaire makis,  
 And sum in armes for thaire ladyes sakis.

## XIV.

And other eke by other diuerse chance,  
 As happin folk all day, as ze may se ;  
 Sum for dispaire, w<sup>t</sup>out recoverance ;  
 Sum for desyre, surmounting thaire degree ;  
 Sum for dispite, and other inmytee ;  
 Sum for vnkyndnes, w<sup>t</sup>out a quhy ;  
 Sum for to mock, and sum for jelousye.

## XV.



## XV.

And efter this, vpon zone stage doun,  
 Tho y<sup>t</sup> thou seis stand in capis wyde ;  
 Zone were quhilum folk of religion,  
 That from the world thaire governance did hide,  
 And frely seruit lufe on every fyde,  
 In secret w<sup>t</sup> thaire bodyis and thaire gudis,  
 And lo ! quhy so, thai hingen doun thair hudis.

## XVI.

For though y<sup>t</sup> thai were hardy at assay,  
 And did him service quhilum prively,  
 Zit to the warldis eye it femyt nay,  
 So was thaire service half cowardly,  
 And for thay first forfuke him opynly,  
 And efter that thereof had repenting,  
 For schame thaire hudis oure thaire eyen they hyng.

## XVII.

And seis thou now zone multitude on rawe,  
 Standing behynd zone traveffe of delyte,  
 Sum bene of thame y<sup>t</sup> haldin were full lawe,  
 And take by frendis, nothing thay to wyte,  
 In zouth from lufe, into the cloistere quite,  
 And for that cause are cummyn recounfilit,  
 On thame to pleyne y<sup>t</sup> so thame had begilit.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

And othir bene amongis thame also,  
 That cummyn are to court on lufe to pleyne,  
 For he thair bodyes had bestouit so,  
 Quhare bothe thaire hertes gruch there ageyne,  
 For quhich in all thaire dayes soth to feyne,  
 Quhen other lyvit in joye and plesance,  
 Thaire lyf was no<sup>t</sup> bot care and repentance.

## XIX.

And quhare thaire hertis gevin were and fet,  
 Were copilt w<sup>t</sup> other y<sup>t</sup> could not accord;  
 Thus were thai wranged y<sup>t</sup> did no forfet,  
 Departing thame y<sup>t</sup> never wold discord,  
 Off zong ladies faire, and mony lord,  
 That thus by maistry were fro thaire chose dryve,  
 Full ready were thaire playntis there to gyve.

## XX.

And other also I sawe compleynnyng there  
 Vpon fortune and hir grete variance,  
 That quhere in love so well they coplit were  
 W<sup>t</sup> thair suete makis coplit in plesance,  
 So sodeynly maid thair diffeverance,  
 And tuke thame of this warldis companye,  
 W<sup>t</sup>outin cause there was non other quhy:

## XXI.



## XXI.

And in a chiere of estate besyde,  
*W<sup>t</sup> wingis bright, all plumyt,* bot his face,  
 There sawe I sitt the blynd god *Cupide*  
*W<sup>t</sup> bow in hand y<sup>t</sup> bent full redy was,*  
 And by him hang thre arowis in a case,  
 Off quhich the hedis grundyn were full ryt,  
 Off diverse metalis forgit fair and bryt.

## XXII.

And w<sup>t</sup> the first y<sup>t</sup> hedit is of gold,  
 He smytis soft, and that has esy cure;  
 The secund was of silver, mony fold,  
 Wers than the first, and harder aventure;  
 The third of stele is schot w<sup>t</sup>out recure;  
 And on his long zallow lokkis schene,  
 A chaplet had he all of levis grene.

## XXIII.

And in a retrete lytill of compas,  
 Depeyntit all w<sup>t</sup> fighis wonder fad,  
 Not suich fighis as hertis doith manace,  
 Bot suich as dooth lufaris to be glad,  
 Fond I *Venus* vpon hir bed, y<sup>t</sup> had  
 A mantill cast ouer hir schuldris quhite:  
 Thus clothit was the goddesse of delyte.

## XXIV.

## XXIV.

Stude at the dure *Fair calling* hir vschere,  
 That coude his office doon in conyng wise,  
 And *Secrete* hir thrifty chamberere,  
 That besy was in tyme to do seruise,  
 And othir moyt I cannot on avise;  
 And on hir hede of rede rosis full suete,  
 A chapellet sche had, faire, fresch, and mete.

## XXV.

W<sup>t</sup> quaking hert astonate of that sight,  
 Unethis wist I, quhat y<sup>t</sup> I suld seyne,  
 Bot at the last febily as I my<sup>t</sup>,  
 W<sup>t</sup> my handis on bothe my kneis tueyne,  
 There I begouth my caris to compleyne,  
 W<sup>t</sup> ane humble and lamentable chere  
 Thus salute I that goddefs bry<sup>t</sup> and clere.

## XXVI.

Hye Quene of Lufe! sterre of benevolence!  
 Pitoufe princeffe, and planet merciabile!  
 Appesare of malice and violence!  
 By vertew pure of zour aspectis hable,  
 Vnto zour grace lat now bene acceptable  
 My pure request, y<sup>t</sup> can no forthir gone  
 To seken help, bot vnto zow allone!

D

XXVII.



## XXVII.

As ze y<sup>t</sup> bene the focoure and fuede well  
 Off remedye, of carefull hertes cure,  
 And in the huge weltering wavis fell  
 Off lufis rage, blifsfull havin, and fure,  
 O anker and treue, of oure gude aventure,  
 Ze have zour man w<sup>t</sup> his gude will conquest,  
 Merci, therefore, and bring his hert to rest !

## XXVIII.

Ze knaw the cause of all my peynes smert  
 Bet than myself, and all myn aventure  
 Ze may conueye, and, as zow list, conuert  
 The hardest hert y<sup>t</sup> formyt hath nature,  
 Sen in zour handis all hale lyith my cure,  
 Have pitee now, O bry<sup>t</sup> blifsfull goddesse,  
 Off zour pure man, and rew on his distresse !

## XXIX.

And though I was vnto zour lawis strange,  
 By ignorance, and not by felonye,  
 And y<sup>t</sup> zour grace now likit hath to change  
 My hert, to ferven zou perpetualye,  
 Forgiue all this, and fchapith remedye,  
 To fauen me of zour benigne grace,  
 Or do me steruen furthw<sup>t</sup> in this place.

## XXX.

## XXX.

And w<sup>t</sup> the stremes of zour Percyng ly<sup>t</sup>,  
 Conuoy my hert, y<sup>t</sup> is so wo-begone,  
 Ageyne vnto that suete hevinly sight,  
 That I, within thir wallis cald as stone  
 So suetly saw on morow walk, and gone,  
 Law in the gardyn ry<sup>t</sup> tofore mine eye,  
 Now, merci, Quene! and do me not to deye,

## XXXI.

Thir wordis said, my spirit in dispaire  
 A quhile I stynt, abiding efter grace,  
 And therew<sup>t</sup> all hir cristall eyen faire  
 She kest asyde, and efter that a space,  
 Benignely sche turnyt has hir face  
 Towardis me full plesantly conueide,  
 And vnto me ry<sup>t</sup> in this uise sche seide :

## XXXII.

Zong man, the cause of all thyne inward forowe  
 Is not vnknawin to my deite,  
 And thy request bothe nowe and eke to forowe,  
 Quhen thou first maid profession to me,  
 Sen of my grace I have inspirit the  
 To knawe my lawe, contynew furth, for oft,  
 There as I mynt full fore, I smyte bot soft.

D 2

XXXIII.



## XXXIII.

Paciently thou tak thyne auenture,  
 This will my son Cupide, and so will I,  
 He can the stroke, to me langis the cure  
 Quhen I se tyme, and therefore truely  
 Abyde, and ferue, and lat gude hope the gye,  
 Bot for I have thy forehede here pent,  
 I will the schewe the more of myn entent.

## XXXIV.

This is to say, though it to me pertene  
 In lufis lawe the sepre to governe,  
 That the effectis of my bemes schene  
 Has thair aspectis by ordynance eterne,  
 W<sup>t</sup> otheris bynd and mynes to discerne,  
 Quhilum in thingis bothe to cum and gone,  
 That langis not to me to writh, God allone.

## XXXV.

As in thyne awin case now may thou se,  
 For quhy, lo y<sup>t</sup> otheris influence,  
 Thy persone standis not in libertee;  
 Quharfore, though I geve the benevolence,  
 It standis not zit in myn advertence,  
 Till cerṭeyne course endit be and ronne,  
 Quhill of trew feruis thow have hir I-wonne.

## XXXVI.

## XXXVI.

And zit, confidering the nakitneffe  
 Bothe of thy wit, thy perfone, and thy my<sup>t</sup>,  
 It is no match, of thyne vnworthineffe  
 To hir hie birth, eftate, and beautee bry<sup>t</sup>,  
 Als like ze bene, as day is to the ny<sup>t</sup>,  
 Or fek-cloth is unto fyne cremefye,  
 Or doken to the frefche dayefye.

## XXXVII.

Vnlike the mone is to the fonne fchene,  
 Eke Januarye is like vnto May,  
 Vnlike the cukkow to the phylomene;  
 o Thaire tavartis are not bothe maid of aray,  
 Vnlike the crow is to the papejay,  
 Vnlike, in goldfmythis werk, a fifchis eye  
 To purcrefs w<sup>t</sup> peril, or maked be fo heye.

## XXXVIII.

As I have faid, vnto me belangith  
 Specially the cure of thy fekneffe,  
 Bot now thy matere fo in balance hangith,  
 That it requireth, to thy fekerneffe,  
 The help of other mo than one goddeffe,  
 And have in thame the menes and the lore,  
 In this mater to fchorten w<sup>t</sup> thy fore.

D 3

XXXIX.



## XXXIX.

And for thou fall se wele y<sup>t</sup> I entend,  
 Vnto thy help thy welefare to preferue,  
 The streight weye thy spirit will I send  
 To the goddesse y<sup>t</sup> clepit is *Mynerve*,  
 And se y<sup>t</sup> thou hir heftis well conserue,  
 For in this case sche may be thy supplye,  
 And put thy hert in rest als well as I.

## XL.

Bot for the way is vncouth vnto the,  
 There as hir dwelling is, and hir sojurne,  
 I will y<sup>t</sup> *gud hope* seruand to the be,  
 Zoure alleris frende, to let the to murn,  
 Be thy condyt and gyde till thou retorne,  
 And hir besech, y<sup>t</sup> sche will in thy nede  
 Hir counfelle geve to thy welefare and spede.

## XLI.

And y<sup>t</sup> sche will, as langith hir office,  
 Be thy gude lady, help and counseiloure,  
 And to the schewe hir rype and gude auise,  
 Throw quhich thou may be processe and laboure,  
 Atteyne vnto that glad and goldyn floure,  
 That thou wald have so fayn w<sup>t</sup> all thy hart,  
 And forthirmore sen thou hir seruand art.

## XLII.

## XLII.

Quhen thou descendis down to ground ageyne,  
 Say to the men, y<sup>t</sup> there bene resident,  
 How long think thay to stand in my disdeyne,  
 That in my lawis bene so negligent,  
 From day to day, and list thame not repent,  
 Bot breken louse and walken at thaire large,  
 Is none y<sup>t</sup> thereof gevis charge.

## XVIII.

And for, q<sup>d</sup> sche, the angir and the smert  
 Of thair vnkyndenesse dooth me constreyne  
 My femynyne and wofull tender hert,  
 That than I wepe, and to a token pleyne,  
 As of my teris cummyth all this reyne,  
 That ze se on the ground so fast yvete,  
 Fro day to day, my turment is so grete.

## XLIV.

And quhen I wepe, and stynten othir quhile  
 For pacience y<sup>t</sup> is in womanhede,  
 Than all my wrath and rancoure I exile,  
 And of my cristall teris y<sup>t</sup> bene shede,  
 The hony flouris growen vp and sprede,  
 That preyen me in thaire flouris wise,  
 Be trewe of lufe, and worship my seruice.

## XLV.



## XLV.

And eke, in taken of this pitouse tale,  
 Quhen so my teris dropen on the ground,  
 In thaire nature the lytill birdis smale  
 Styntith thair song, and murnyth for that stound,  
 And all the lightis in the hevin round  
 Off my greuance have such compaciencie,  
 That from the ground they hiden thaire presence.

## XLVI.

And zit in tokenyng forthir of this thing,  
 Quhen flouris springis and freschefts bene of hewe,  
 And y<sup>t</sup> the birdis on the twistis sing,  
 At thilke tyme ay gynen folk to renewe,  
 That fervis vnto loue, as ay is dewe,  
 Most qmonly has ay his obseruance.  
 And of thaire fleuth tofore have repentance.

## XLVII.

Thus maist thou seyne y<sup>t</sup> myn effectis grete,  
 Vnto the quhich ze aught and maist weye,  
 No lyte offense to fleuth is forget,  
 And therefore in this wise to thame feye,  
 As I the here have bid, and conueye  
 The matere all the better tofore said,  
 Thus fall on the my charge bene laid.

## XLVIII.

## XLVIII.

Say on than, Quhare is becummyn for schame  
 The songis new, the fresch carolis and dance,  
 The lusty lyf, the mony change of game,  
 The fresche aray, the lusty contenance,  
 The besy awayte, the hertly obseruance  
 That quhilum was amongis thame so ryf,  
 Bid thame repent in tyme, and mend thaire lyf.

## XLIX.

Or I fall, with my fader old Saturne,  
 And w<sup>t</sup> alhale oure hevinly alliance,  
 Oure glad aspectis from thame writhe and turne,  
 That all the world fall waile thaire governance,  
 Bid thame betyme, y<sup>t</sup> thai haue repentance,  
 And thaire hertis hale renew my lawe,  
 And I my hand fro beting fall w<sup>t</sup>drawe.

## L.

This is to say, contynew in my seruise,  
 Worschip my law, and my name magnifye,  
 That am zour hevin and zour paradise,  
 And I zour confort here fall multiplie,  
 And, for zoure meryt here perpetualye,  
 Reflaue I fall zour faulis of my grace,  
 To lyve w<sup>t</sup> me as goddis in this place.

The



## III.

And straught vnto the presence sodeynly  
Off dame Minerue, the pacient goddesse,  
Gude Hope my gyde led me redily,  
To quhom anon, w<sup>t</sup> dredefull humylness  
Off my cummyng, the cause I gan expresse,  
And all the processe hole, vnto the end,  
Off Venus charge, as likit her to fend.

## IV.

Off quhich ry<sup>t</sup> thus hir ansuere was in bref:  
My son, I have wele herd, and vnderstond,  
Be thy reherse, the mater of thy gref,  
And thy request to procure, and to fond  
Off thy penance sum confort at my hond,  
Be counsele of thy lady Venus clere,  
To be with hir thyne help in this matere.

## V.

Bot in this case thou fall well knawe and witt,  
Thou may thy hert ground on suich a wife,  
That thy laboure will be bot lytill quit,  
And thou may fet it in otherwise,  
That wil be to the grete worschip and prife;  
And gif thou durst vnto that way enclyne,  
I will the geve my lore and discipline.

## VI.

## VI.

Lo, my gude fon, this is als much to feyne,  
 As gif thy lufe be fet alluterly  
 Of nyce lust, thy travail is in veyne,  
 And so the end fall turne of thy folye,  
 To payne and repentance, lo wate thou quhy?  
 Gif the ne list on lufe thy *verteaw* set,  
*Vertu* fall be the cause of thy forfet.

## VII.

Tak him before in all thy gouernance,  
 That in his hand the stere has of zou all,  
 And pray vnto his hye purveyance,  
 Thy lufe to gye, and on him traist and call,  
 That corner-stone, and ground is of the wall,  
 That failis not, and trust, w<sup>t</sup>outin drede,  
 Vnto thy purpose sone he fall the lede.

## VIII.

For lo, the werk y<sup>t</sup> first is foundit sure,  
 May better bere apace and hyare be,  
 Than otherwise and langere fall endure,  
 Be mony fald, this may thy reson see,  
 And stronger to defend aduersitee;  
 Ground thy werk, therefore, upon the ston,  
 And thy desire fall forthward w<sup>t</sup> the gone.

E

IX.



## IX.

Be trewe, and meke, and stedfast in thy tho<sup>t</sup>,  
 And diligent her merci to procure,  
 Not onely in thy word, for word is no<sup>t</sup>,  
 Bot gif thy werk and all thy besy cure  
 Accord thereto, and vtrid be mesure,  
 The place, the houre, the maner, and the wise,  
 Gif mercy fall admitten thy servise.

## X.

All thing has tyme, thus sais *Ecclesiaste*;  
 And wele is him y<sup>t</sup> his tyme will abit:  
 Abyde thy tyme; for he y<sup>t</sup> can bot haste  
 Can not of hap, the wise man it writ;  
 And oft gud fortune flourith w<sup>t</sup> gude wit:  
 Quharefore, gif thou will be well fortunyt,  
 Lat wisdom ay to thy will be junyt.

## XI.

Bot there be mony of so brukill sort,  
 That feynis treuth in lufe for a quhile,  
 And setten all thaire wittis and disport,  
 The fely innocent woman to begyle;  
 And so to wyne thaire lustis w<sup>t</sup> a wile;  
 Suich feynit treuth is all bot trechorye,  
 Vnder the vmbre of ypocrisye.

## XII.

## XII.

For as the foulere quhifflith in his throte,  
 Diuerfely to counterfete the brid,  
 And feynis mony a fuede and ftrange note,  
 That in the bufk for his defate is hid,  
 Till fche be faft lok in his net amyde,  
 Ry<sup>t</sup> fo the fatoure, the false theif, I fay,  
 W<sup>t</sup> fuede treason oft wynith thus his pray.

## XIII.

Fy on all fuch ! fy on thaire doubilneffe !  
 Fy on thaire luft, and beftly appetite !  
 Thaire wolfis hertis, in lambis likneffe ;  
 Thaire thoughtis blak, hid vnder wordis quhite :  
 Fy on thaire labour ! fy on thaire delyte !  
 That feynen outward all to hir honour,  
 And in thair hert her worship wold deuour.

## XIV.

So hard it is to truften now on dayes  
 The world, it is fo double and inconstant,  
 Off quhich the futh is hid be mony affayes ;  
 More pitee is ; for quhich the remanant  
 That menen well, and are not variant,  
 For otheris gilt are fufpect of vntreuth,  
 And hyndrit oft, and treuely that is reuth,



## XV.

Bot, gif the hert be groundit ferm and stable  
 In Goddis law, thy purpose to atteyne,  
 Thy labour is to me agreable,  
 And my full help w<sup>t</sup> counsele trew and pleyne,  
 I will the schewe, and this is the certeyne ;  
 Opyn thy hert, therefore, and lat me see  
 Gif thy remede be pertynent to me.

## XVI.

Madame, q<sup>d</sup> I, fen it is zour plesance  
 That I declare the kynd of my loving,  
 Treuely and gude, w<sup>t</sup>outin variance,  
*I lufe that flour* abuse all other thing,  
 And wold, bene he, y<sup>t</sup> to hir worschipping  
 My<sup>t</sup> ought availe, be *him p y<sup>t</sup> starf on rude*,  
 And nowthir spare for trauaile, lyf, nor gude.

## XVII.

And, forthirmore, as touching the nature  
 Off my lusing, to worschip or to blame,  
 I darre wele say, and therein me assure,  
 For ony gold y<sup>t</sup> ony wight can name,  
 Wald I be he y<sup>t</sup> fuld of hir gude fame  
 Be blamischiere in ony point or wyfe,  
 For wele nor wo, quhill my lyf may suffise.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

This is the effect trewly of myn entent,  
 Touching the sucte y<sup>t</sup> smertis me so fore,  
 Giff this be faynt, I can it not repent,  
 Allthough my lyf suld forfaut be therefore :  
 Blisfull princeffe ! I can seye zou no more,  
 Bot so desire, my wittis dooth compace  
 More joy in erth, kepe I no<sup>t</sup> bot zour grace.

## XIX.

Desire, q<sup>d</sup> sche, I nyl it not deny,  
 So thou it ground and set in cristin wise ;  
 And therefore, son, opyn thy hert playnly.  
 Madame, q<sup>d</sup> I, trew w<sup>t</sup>outin fantife,  
 That day fall I neuer vp rise,  
 For my delyte to couate the plesance  
 That may hir worship putten in balance.

## XX.

For our all thing, lo this were my gladnesse,  
 To sene the fresche beautee of hir face ;  
 And gif it my<sup>t</sup> deserue be processe,  
 For my grete lufe and treuth to stond in grace,  
 Hir worship fauf, lo here the blisfull cace  
 That I wold ask, and thereto attend,  
 For my most joye vnto my lysis end.



## XXI.

Now wele, q<sup>d</sup> sche, and sen y<sup>t</sup> it is so,  
 That in vertew thy lufe is fet w<sup>t</sup> treuth,  
 To helpen the I will be one of tho  
 From hensforth, and hertly without sleuth,  
 Off thy distresse and exceffe to have reuth,  
 That has thy hert, I will pray full faire,  
 That fortune be no more thereto contraire.

## XXII.

For suth it is y<sup>t</sup> all ze creatures,  
 Quhich vnder vs beneth have zour dwellyng,  
 Resfaue diuersely zour auenturis,  
 Off quhich the cure and principal melling  
 Apperit is w<sup>t</sup>outin repellyng,  
 Onely to hir y<sup>t</sup> has the cuttis two  
 In hand, both of zour wele and of your wo.

## XXIII.

And how so be, y<sup>t</sup> sum clerkis trete,  
 That zour chance causit is tofore,  
 Heigh in the hevin, by quhois effectis grete,  
 Ze movit are to wrething les or more,  
 Quhare in the warld, thus calling y<sup>t</sup> therefore,  
 Fortune, and so y<sup>t</sup> the diversitee  
 Off thaire werking fuld cause necessitee.

## XXIV.

## XXIV.

Bot other clerkis halden that the man,  
 Has in himself the chose and libertee  
 To cause his awin fortune, how, or quhan,  
 That him best left, and no neceffitee  
 Was in the hevin at his nativitee;  
 Bot zit the thingis happin in qmune,  
 Efter purpose, so cleping thame fortune.

## XXV.

And quhare a persone has tofore knawing  
 Off it yt is to fall purposely,  
 Lo fortune is bot wayke in such a thing,  
 Thou may wele wit, and here ensample quhy,  
 To *God* it is the first cause onely  
 Off euery thing, there may no fortune fall,  
 And quhy? for *he* foreknawin is of all.

## XXVI.

And therefore thus I say to this sentence,  
 Fortune is most and strangest euermore,  
 Quhare, leste foreknawing or intelligence  
 Is in the man, and *sone* of wit or lore,  
 Sen thou art wayke and feble, lo, therefore,  
 The more thou art in dangere, and qmune  
 Wt hir, yt clerkis clepen so *fortune*.

## XXVII.



## XXVII.

Bot for th<sup>e</sup> sake, and at the reuerence  
 Off Venus clere, as I the said tofore,  
 I have of thy distresse compaciencie,  
 And in confort and relefche of thy fore,  
 The schewit here myn avise therefore,  
 Pray fortune help; for suich vnlikely thing  
 Full oft about sche sodeynly dooth bring.

## XXVIII.

Now go thy way, and haue gude mynd upon  
 Quhat I have said, in way of thy doctryne:  
 I fall, Madame, q<sup>d</sup> I, and ry<sup>t</sup> anon  
 I take my leve, als straught as ony lyne  
 Within a beme, y<sup>t</sup> fro the contree dyvine,  
 Sche Percyng throw the firmament extendit,  
 To ground ageyne my spirit is descendit.

The

T H E  
K I N G's Q U A I R.

---

C A N T O V.

HIS JOURNEY IN QUEST OF FORTUNE.

I.

**Q**UHARE in a lusty plane tuke I my way,  
Endlang a ryuer, plesand to behold,  
Enbroudin all w<sup>t</sup> fresche flouris gay,  
Quhare throu the grauel, bry<sup>t</sup> as ony gold,  
The cristal water ran so clere and cold,  
That in myn ere, maid contynualy,  
A maner foun mellit with armony.

II.

That full of lytill fischis by the brym,  
Now here now there, w<sup>t</sup> bakkis blewe as lede,  
Lap and playit, and in a rout can fwym  
So prattily, and drestit thame to sprede  
Thaire curall fynis, as the ruby rede,  
That in the sonne on thaire scalis bry<sup>t</sup>,  
As *q* gesserant ay glitterit in my sight.

III.



## III.

And by this ilke ryuer fyde alawe  
 Ane hyeway fand I like to bene,  
 On quhich, on euery fyde, a long rawe  
 Off trees saw I full of levis grene,  
 That full of fruyte delitable were to fene ;  
 And also, as it come vnto my mynd,  
 Of bestis sawe I mony diuerse kynd.

## IV.

The lyon king and his fere lyonelle,  
 The pantere like vnto the r smaragdyne,  
 The lytill squerell full of besynesse,  
 The slawe asse, the druggare beste of pyne,  
 The nyce ape, the /werely pompapyne,  
 The percyng lynx, the r lufare vnicorn,  
 That voidis venym with his euoure horn.

## V.

There sawe I dresse him, new out of hant,  
 The fere tigere full of felony,  
 The dromydare, the stander oliphant,  
 The wyly fox, the wedonis inemye,  
 The clymbare gayte, the elk for alblaftrye,  
 The herknere bore, the holsum grey for hurtis,  
 The haire also, yt oft gooth to the hortis.

## VI.

## VI.

The bugill draware by his hornis grete,  
 The martrik fable, the foynzee, and mony mo,  
 The chalk quhite ermyn, tippit as the jete,  
 The riall hert, the conyng, and the ro,  
 The wolf, yt of the murthir not say ho,  
 The lefty beuer, and the ravin bare,  
 For chamelot, the camel full of hare.

## VII.

With many ane othir beste diverse and strange,  
 That cummyth not as now vnto my mynd;  
 Bot now to purpose straught furth the range,  
 I held away oure hailing in my mynd,  
 From quhens I come, and quhare yt I suld fynd  
*Fortune*, the goddesse unto quhom in hye  
*Gude hope*, my *gyde*, has led me sodeynly.

## VIII.

And at the last behalding thus asyde,  
 A round place wallit have I found,  
 In myddis quhare eftfone I have spide  
*Fortune*, the *goddesse*, hufing on the ground,  
 And ryt befor hir fete, of compas round,  
 A *qubele*, on quhich clevering I fye,  
 A multitude of folk before myn eye.

## IX.



## IX.

And ane furcote sche werit long that tyde,  
 That femyt to me of diuerse hewis,  
 Quhilum thus, quhen sche wald turn asyde,  
 Stude this goddefs of fortune u<sup>o</sup>,  
 A chapellet w<sup>t</sup> mony fresch anewis  
 Sche had upon hir hede, and w<sup>t</sup> this hong  
 A mantill on hir schuldries large and long.

## X.

That furrit was w<sup>t</sup> ermyn full quhite,  
 \* Degoütit w<sup>t</sup> the self in spottis blake,  
 And quhilum in hir chere thus alyte  
 Lourcing sche was, and thus sone it wold flake,  
 And sodeynly a maner smylyng make  
 And sche were glad, at one contenance  
 Sche held not, bot ay in variance.

## XI.

And vnderneath the quhele sawe I there  
 And vgly pit, depe as ony helle,  
 That to behald thereon I quoke for fere;  
 Bot a thing herd I, y<sup>t</sup> quho therein fell,  
 Com no more vp agane tidingis to telle;  
 Off quhich, astonait of that ferefull syt,  
 I ne wist quhat to done, so was I fricht.

## XII.

## XII.

Bot for to se the fudayn weltering  
Of that ilk quhele y<sup>t</sup> floppare was to hold,  
It semyt vnto my wit a strong thing,  
So mony I sawe y<sup>t</sup> than clumben wold,  
And failit foting, and to ground were rold,  
And othir eke y<sup>t</sup> sat above on hye,  
Were overthrawe in twinklyng of ane eye.

## XIII.

And on the quhele was lytill void space,  
Wele nere oure straught fro lawe to hye,  
And they were ware y<sup>t</sup> long sat in place,  
So tolter quhilum did sche it to wreye,  
There was bot clymbe and ry<sup>t</sup> downward hye,  
And sum were eke y<sup>t</sup> fallyng had fore,  
There for to clymbe, thair corage was no more.

## XIV.

I sawe also, y<sup>t</sup> quhere sum were slungin,  
Be quhirlyng of the quhele vnto the ground,  
Full fudaynly sche hath vp ythrungin,  
And set theme on agane full sauf and found,  
And ever I sawe a new swarm abound,  
That to clymbe vpward upon the quhele,  
Instede of thame y<sup>t</sup> my<sup>t</sup> no langer rele.

F

XV.



## XV.

And at the last, in prefence of thame all  
 That stude about, sche clepit me be name,  
 And therew<sup>t</sup> upon kneis gan I fall  
 Full sodaynly hailfing, abaist for schame;  
 And, smylyng thus, sche said to me in game,  
 Quhat dois thou here? quho has the hider sent?  
 Say on anon, and tell me thyne entent.

## XVI.

I se wele, by thy chere and contenance,  
 There is sum thing y<sup>t</sup> lyis the on hert,  
 It stant not w<sup>t</sup> the as thou wald perchance.  
 Madame, q<sup>d</sup> I, for lufe is all the smert  
 That euer I fele endlang and ouerthwert;  
 Help of zour grace me wofull wrechet wight,  
 Sen me to cure ze powere have and my<sup>t</sup>.

## XVII.

Quhat help, q<sup>d</sup> sche, wold thou y<sup>t</sup> I ordeyne,  
 To bring the vnto thy hertis desire?  
 Madame, q<sup>d</sup> I, bot y<sup>t</sup> zour grace dedyne,  
 Of zour grete my<sup>t</sup>, my wittis to inspire,  
 To win the *well*, y<sup>t</sup> flokin may the fyre  
 In quhich I birn: Ah, goddes fortunate!  
 Help now my game y<sup>t</sup> is in poynt to mate.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

Off mate q<sup>d</sup> sche, a verray fely wretch  
 I se wele, by thy dedely coloure pale,  
 Thou art to feble of thyself to streche  
 Vpon my quhele, to clymbe or to hale,  
 W<sup>t</sup>outin help, for thou has fund in stale  
 This mony day w<sup>t</sup>outin werdis wele,  
 And wantis now thy veray hertis hele.

## XIX.

Wele maistow be a wretchit man callit,  
 That wantis the confort y<sup>t</sup> fuld thy hert glade,  
 And has all thing within thy hert stallit,  
 That may thy zouth oppressen or defade;  
 Though thy begynng hath bene retrograde,  
 Be froward opposyt quhare till aspert,  
 Now fall thai turn, and luke on the dert.

## XX.

And therew<sup>t</sup> all vnto the quhele in hye  
 Sche hath me led, and bad me lere to clymbe,  
 Vpon the quhich I steppit sodaynly;  
 Now hald thy grippis, q<sup>d</sup> sche, for thy tyme,  
 An houre and more it rynis ouer x prime  
 To count the hole the half is nere away;  
 Spend wele, therefore, the remanant of the day.

F 2

XXI.



## XXI.

Enfample (qd fche) tak of this tofore,  
That fro my quhele be rollit as a ball,  
For the nature of it is euermore  
After an hicht to vale, and geve a fall,  
Thus quhen me likith vp or down to fall.  
Farewele, qd fche, and by the ere me toke  
So earnestly, y<sup>t</sup> therew<sup>t</sup> all I woke.

END OF THE VISION.

The

T H E

# K I N G ' s   Q U A I R.

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## C A N T O   VI.

### I.

**O** BESY goste, ay flikering to and fro,  
That never art in quiet nor in rest,  
Till thou cum to that place y<sup>t</sup> thou cam fro,  
Quhich is thy first and verray proper nest;  
From day to day so fore here artow drest,  
That w<sup>t</sup> thy flesche ay walking art in trouble,  
And sleping eke of pyne, so has thou double

### II.

Couert myself all this mene I to loke,  
Thought y<sup>t</sup> my spirit vexit was tofore,  
In fuenyng, assone as ever I woke,  
By XX fold it was in trouble more,  
Be thinking me w<sup>t</sup> fighing hert and fore,  
That nane other thingis bot dremes had,  
Nor sekernes my spirit w<sup>t</sup> to glad.

F 3

III.



## III.

And therew<sup>t</sup> sone I dressit me to ryse,  
 Fulild of tho<sup>t</sup>, pyne, and aduersitee,  
 And to myself I said in this wise,  
 Quhat lyf is this? quhare hath my spirit be?  
 A! merci, Lord! quhat will ze do w<sup>t</sup> me?  
 Is this of my foretho<sup>t</sup> impressioun?  
 Or is it from the hevin a visioun?

## IV.

And gif ze goddis of zoure purviance  
 Have schewit this for my reconforting,  
 In relefche of my furiose penance,  
 I zow beseke full truely of this thing,  
 That of zour grace I my<sup>t</sup> have more takenyng,  
 Gif it fal be, as in my slepe before  
 Ze schewit have: and forth w<sup>t</sup>outin more,

## V.

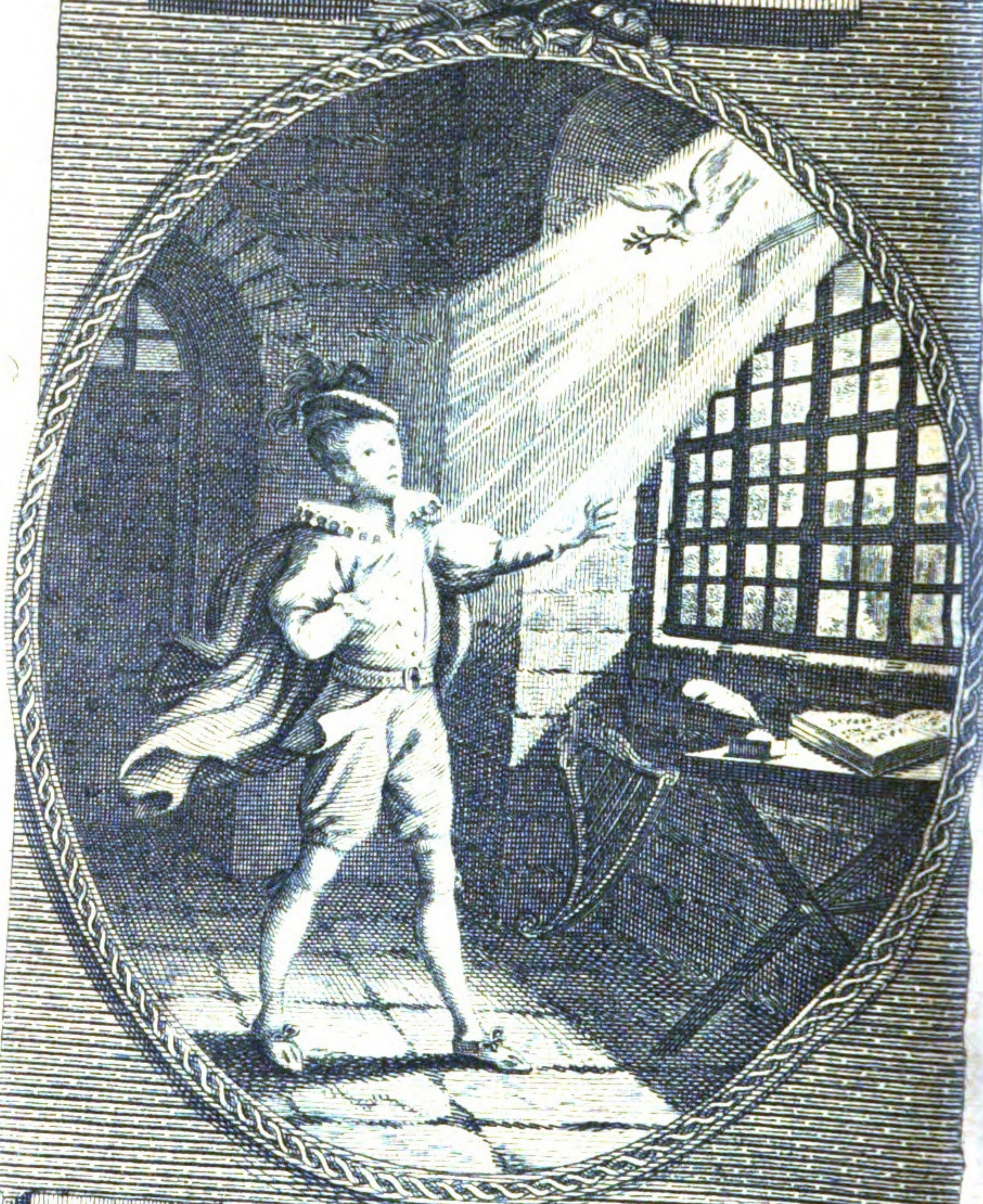
In hye vnto the wyndow gan I walk,  
 Moving within my spirit of this fight,  
 Quhare sodeynly a *turture*, *qubite as calk*,  
 So evinly vpon my hand gan ly<sup>t</sup>,  
 And vnto me sche turnyt hir, full ry<sup>t</sup>,  
 Off quham the chere in hir birdis assort  
 Gave me in hert kalendis of confort.

## VI.





THE SCOTTISH BUCHANAN  
MORISON'S EDITION



This fair bird rest in her belt yeer hold,  
 A fair branch, yule, written was with gold,  
 Clunker, clunker, I bring, I bring, I bring,  
 Her name, I find, — How laugh, & play, & sing,  
 Kings Quair, Can. VI

D. Allan and

I Bona scots



## VI.

This fair bird ry<sup>t</sup> in hir bill gan hold  
 Of *red jeroffleris*, with thair *stalkis grene*,  
 A fair branche, quhare *written* was *with gold*,  
 On eury lese, wicht branchis bry<sup>t</sup> and schene,  
 In compas fair full plesandly to sene,  
 A *plane sentence*, quhich, as I can deuise  
 And have in mynd, said ry<sup>t</sup> on this wise.

## VII.

*Awak ! awake !* I bring lufar, I bring  
 The newis glad, that blisfull ben and sure  
 Of thy confort ; now lauch, and play, and sing,  
 That art besid so glad an auenture :  
 Fore in the hevyn decretit is ye cure :  
 And vnto me the flouris fair did present ;  
 With wyngis spred hir wayis furth sche went.

## VIII.

Quhilk vp anon I take, and as I gesse,  
 Ane hundreth tymes, or I forthir went,  
 I have it red, with hertfull glaidnesse,  
 And half with hope and half w<sup>t</sup> dred it hent,  
 And at my beddis hed, with gude entent,  
 I have it fair pynit vp, and this  
 First takyn was of all my help and blisse.

## IX.



## IX.

The quhich treuly efter day be day,  
 That all my wittis maistrit had tofore,  
 Quhich he offerth, the paynis did away,  
 And schortly so wele fortune has hir bore,  
 To q<sup>m</sup>kin treuly day by day, my lore  
 To my larges, that I am cum agayn  
 To blisse with hir that is my foverane.

## E P I L O G U E.

## X.

Bot for als moche as sum micht think or feyne,  
 Quhat nedis me, apoun so lytill evyn,  
 To writt all this? I anfuere thus ageyne;  
 Quho that from hell war y coppin onys in hevin,  
 Wald efter thank for joy, mak VI. or VII.;  
 And euery wicht his awin fuete or fore,  
 Has maist in mynde, I can say zou no more.

## XI.

Eke quho may in this lyfe have more plesance,  
 Than cum to largesse from thraldom and peyne?  
 And by the mene of l<sup>iffis</sup> ordinance,  
 That has so mony in his golden cheyne,  
 Quhich this to wyn his hertis fouereyne,  
 Quho suld me wite to write tharof, lat se;  
 Now sufficiance is my felicitie.

## XII.

## XII.

Beseeking vnto fair Venus abuse,  
 For all my brethir y<sup>t</sup> bene in this place,  
 This is to feyne yat seruandis ar to lufe,  
 And of his lady can no thank purchase,  
 His pane relefch, and sone to stand in grace,  
 Both to his worschip and to his first ese,  
 So that it hir and resoun not displease.

## XIII.

And eke for thame yat ar not entrit inne  
 The dance of lyfe, bot thither-wart on way,  
 In gude tyme and sely to begynne.  
 For thame y<sup>t</sup> passit bene the mony affray,  
 Thair prentiffched, and forthirmore I pray  
 In lufe, and cumyng ar to full plesance,  
 To graunt thame all, lo gude perseuerance.

## XIV.

And eke I pray for all the hertis dull,  
 That lyven here in sleuth and ignorance,  
 And has no curage at the rose to pull,  
 Thair lyf to mend and thair fanlis auance,  
 With thair suete lore, and bring thame to gude chance,  
 And quho that will not for this prayer turn,  
 Quhen thai wald faynest speid, y<sup>t</sup> yai may spurn.

## XV.



## XV.

To rekyn of every thing the circumstance,  
 As happint me quhen lefferen gan my fore,  
 Of my rancoure and wofull chance,  
 It war to long, I lat it be tharefore,  
 And thus *this floure*, I can feye no more,  
 So hertly has vnto my help actendit,  
 ⁊ That from the deth hir man fche has defendit.

## XVI.

And eke the goddis mercifull virking,  
 For my long pane, and trew service in lufe,  
 That has me gevin halely myne asking,  
 Quhich has my hert for ever fet abuse  
 In perfyte joye, that never may remufe,  
 Bot onely deth, of quhom in land and prife,  
 With thankfull hert I say richt in this wise.

## XVII.

Bliffit mot be the goddis all,  
 So fair that glateren in the firmament !  
 And bliffit be thaire my<sup>t</sup> celestiall,  
 That have conuoyit hale with one assent,  
 My lufe, and to glade a consequent !  
 And thankit be fortunys exiltre,  
 And quhele, that thus so wele has quhirlit me.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

Thankit mot be, and fair and lufe befall  
 The nyctingale, yat with so gud entent  
 Sang thare of lufe, the notis suete and small,  
 Quhair my fair hertis lady was present,  
 Hir with to glad, or that sche forthir went;  
 And thou gerafloure, mot I-thankit be  
 All other flouris for y<sup>e</sup> lufe of ye.

## XIX.

And thankit be y<sup>e</sup> fair castell wall,  
 Quhare as I quhilom lukit furth and lent,  
 Thankit mot be the sanctis merciall,  
 That me first caufit hath this accident:  
 Thankit mot be the grene bewis bent,  
 Throu quhom and vnder first fortunyt me,  
 My hertis hele and my confort to be.

## XX.

For to the presence suete and delitable,  
 Rycht of *this floure* yat full is of plesance,  
 By processe and by menys favourable,  
 First of ye blisful goddis purveyance,  
 And syne throu long and trewe contynance  
 Of veray faith in lufe and trew service,  
 I cum am, and forthir in this wise.

## XXI.



## XXI.

Vnworthy lo bot onely of hir grace,  
 In lufis rok, that esy is and fure,  
 In guerdoun of all my lufis space  
 Sche hath me tak, hir humble creature,  
 And thus befell my blifsfull auenture,  
 In zouth of lufe, that now from day to day  
 Flourith ay newe, and zit forther I say.

## XXII.

Go litill tretise, nakit of eloquence,  
 Causing simplefs and pouertee to wit,  
 And pray the reder to have pacience  
 Of thy defaute, and to supporten it,  
 Of his gudnesse thy brukilnesse to knytt,  
 And his tong for to ruele and to stere,  
 That thy defautis helit may bene here.

## XXIII.

Allace ! and gif thou cumyft in y<sup>e</sup> prefence,  
 Quhare as of blame faynest thou wald be quite,  
 To here thy rude and crukit eloquens,  
 Quho sal be there to pray for thy remyt ?  
 No wicht bot gif hir merci will admyt  
 The for gud will, that is thy gyd and stere,  
 To quham for me thou piteoufely requere.

## XXIV.

## XXIV.

And thus endith the fatall influence,  
 Caufit from hevyn quhare powar is comytt,  
 Of govirnance, by the magnificence  
 Of him that hiest in the hevin fitt.  
*aa* To quham we think that all oure hath writt,  
 Quho coutht it red agone fyne mony a zere,  
 Hich in the hevynis figure circulere.

## XXV.

Vnto impnis of my maisteris dere,  
*Gowere* and *Chaucere*, that on the steppis satt  
 Of rethorike, quhill thai were lyvand here,  
 Superlatiue as poetis laureate,  
 In moralitee and eloquence ornate,  
 I recommend my buk in lynis seven,  
 And eke thair faulis vnto the blisse of hevin.

A M E N!

EXPLICIT, ZIC. ZIC.

*Quod Jacobus Primus Scotorum Rex Illustrissimus.*

G

NOTES





\* N O T E S  
O N T H E  
K I N G ' s Q U A I R.

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C A N T O I.

Stanza 1. \* *Cytherea*.) This is probably an error of the transcriber of the Seldenian M. S. instead of *Cynthia*, agreeable to line 6th, *Heved hir hornis bright*.

S. 3. b *Boece*) Boethius or Boetius (FLAVIUS ANICIUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS SEVERINUS), a prose as well as poetical writer of the sixth century, born of one of the noblest families in Rome. His father dying when he was an infant, he was sent to Athens, where he not only attained to a perfect knowledge of the Greek tongue, but also of philosophy, and all other kinds of science. Returning to Rome, he soon became universally esteemed, and was advanced to the chief dignities of his country. In 1523, having remonstrated with great spirit against the conduct of Theodoric, who began every day to exert new instances of tyranny, he fell under his resentment; and soon after was

G 2

accused

\* *These notes are principally extracted (by permission) from The Poetical Remains of King James I. published by William Tytler Esq. of Woodhouselee, to which valuable work we beg leave to recommend those who wish more critically to examine this Poem.*



accused of having carried on a conspiracy with the emperor Justin against the Goths. Theodoric brought the cause before the senate, where the accusers producing suborned evidence, who exhibited forged letters to Justin in the name of Boethius, though absent, unheard, undefended, he was condemned to death : but the king, fearing the consequence of such injustice and inhumanity, changed his sentence from death to banishment. He was banished to Milan, or (as others say) confined to Ticinum, now Pavia; and all his friends forbidden to accompany him on his way, or to follow him thither. During his exile, he writ his books of "The Consolation of Philosophy," and that upon "The Trinity." The year following, or somewhat later, according to some writers, he was beheaded in prison by the command of Theodoric. The tomb of Boethius is to be seen in the church of St Augustine at Pavia, near to the steps of the chancel, with the following epitaph :

Mæonia & Latia lingua clarissimus, & qui

Consul eram, hic perii, missus in exilium.

Et quid mors rapuit? Probitas me vexit ad auras;

Et nunc fama viget maxima, vivit opus.

Boethius wrote many philosophical works, the greater part in the logical way : but his Ethic piece, "De consolatione Philosophiæ," is his chief performance, and has always been justly admired both for the matter and for the style. It is a supposed conference between the author and philosophy, who as a person endeavours to comfort him; and is partly prose and partly verse. It was Englished by our Chaucer; and Cambden tells us, that queen Elizabeth, after having read it to mitigate grief, translated it also into



to very elegant English. A writer of distinction observed, that "with Boethius the Latin tongue, and the last remains of Roman dignity, may be said to have sunk in the western world." The best edition of his works is that of Leyden, 1671, in 8vo.

S. 4. c *poetly.*) Instead of *Poetical Report*.

S. 13. d *And maid a +.*) Made the sign of the Holy Cross, or invoked the Divine Benediction on his Work.

S. 19. e *Thesiphone.*) Another error in the transcriber. *Thesiphone*, one of the furies, for *Terpsichore*, one of the nine muses.

## C A N T O II.

S. 1. f *Syntbius.*) When the Sun enters Aries, about the middle of March.

S. 3. g *Not far passit, &c.*) A vague manner of expressing his age. Three years past the age of innocence, or nine, makes him at this time about twelve, agreeable to the generality of Historians, though none of them expressly mention the year of his birth.

S. 17. h *And that one list, &c.*) An obscure passage; perhaps *one list* for *me list*, or inclines me to counterfeit *chere* or *mirth*.

S. 27. i. *Balas lemyng as the fire.*) Precious stones, sparkling as fire. *Balas = ruby spinel, not like ruby*

S. 28. k *Amorettis.*) Made in the form of a love knot or garland.

S. 37. l *XX deuil way.*) Obscure; perhaps the sense is to bid such cruel husbands repent, by mourning twenty-fold for their crimes; from the French *deuil*, sorrow.

S. 44. m *Rew upon.*) have pity upon.—The remainder of  
G 3 this



this stanza is obscure—probably, the sense is as follows: “When my mistress is gone, there remains only my body, bot *or without* my heart.” Then addressing his heart, “follow then thy heaven, and be glad to follow such a guide, and forsake not the way she leads you.” A licence of transposition and sometimes omission, is not uncommon, not only in this poem, but in Chaucer, Gavin Douglas, &c.

### CANTO III.

S. 4. n *Place.* )

S. 37. o *Thair tavartis.*) A short coat made without sleeves, worn only in time of war, and hence called ‘*tavart of array.*’

### CANTO IV.

S. 16. p *Be him y<sup>t</sup> starf on rude.*) That died on the cross.

### CANTO V.

S. 2. q *As gesserant.*) Like some precious stone sparkled in my eye.

S. 4. r *Smaragdyne.*) Supposed to be an emerald.

Ib. s *Wisely porpapyne.*) Or warlike porcupine, armed with Quills.

Ib. t *Lufare unicorn.*) If such an animal exists, the quality of ejecting poison from its ivory horn, (on which account it gets the epithet of *lufare*) is now unknown.

S. 9. u *Stude this goddess of fortune* ☿.) Perhaps this may mean *askew*.

S. 10. \* *Degoût*it.) The M. S. has *degoût*it from the French word, *i. e.* spotted.

S. 20. x *Ane hour ouer prime.*) In ancient times, the hours were divided into two parts, according to the times of devotion.



tion. From six to nine in the morning was called the hour of prime, or *spatium orationum primarum*.

## C A N T O VI.

S. 10. y *War coppin in heaven.*) Were raised from hell to the top of blifs in heaven.

S. 15. z *That from the deth hir man fche has defendit.*) For a specimen of Mr Tytler's ingenious notes on this beautiful poem, we take the liberty of inserting the following completely :

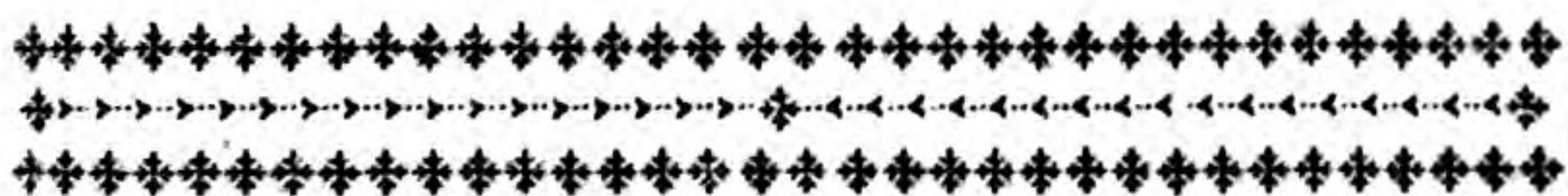
“ To one that looks for presages, this line will perhaps call his attention to a circumstance mentioned by the historians, of this virtuous and most affectionate princess's receiving two wounds, in attempting to defend the king from his inhuman murtherers !

“ Having struck down the King, whom the Queen, by interposing her body, fought to save, being with difficulty pulled from him, she received two wounds, and he with twenty-eight was left dead !”—HAWTHORNDEN.

It was said by Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV. who was in Scotland as Legate, at the time, that he was at a loss which most to applaud, the universal grief which overspread the nation, on the death of the King, or the resentment to which it was roused, and the just vengeance with which his inhuman murtherers were pursued ; who being all of them traced, and dragged from their lurking retreats, were, by the most lingering tortures that human invention could suggest, put to death. The Earl of Athole, whose ambition had incited him to conspire the King's death, after suffering three days torture, crowned with







## INTRODUCTION.

THIS fine Old Poem is well known, having undergone several Editions both in England and Scotland. It may be esteemed the first Poem of the Ludicrous or Burlesque kind, in the Island, notwithstanding that this species of Poetical writing has been commonly attributed to the Invention of the Moderns.

It abounds with Wit, Humour, and delicate Irony, and is highly descriptive of the manners of the Country in the beginning of the 15th century.

SOME late Writers have ascribed this Poem to King James V. Mr Tytler in his Critical Dissertation on the Life and Writings of King James I. has proved it to be the composition of this last Prince.

THE



THE King's design in this Poem, appears to have been, by the force of Ridicule, to induce his subjects to the practice of Archery, which had fallen into disuse by their neglect of the Bow, during his 19 years captivity in England. As this was one object of much importance to the State, James on his return to Scotland, enforced this matter by a solemn Act in his First Parliament.

THE Poem is here given from the Edinburgh Edition 1783, in which the Editor has strictly followed Banantyn's Manuscript 1568, which is preserved in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh.—As for the Explanatory Notes on this Poem we must refer to the above Edition 1783.

# CHRISTIS KIRK OF THE GRENE.

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## I.

WES nevir in *Scotland* hard nor sene  
Sic danfing nor deray,  
Nouthir at *Falkland* on the Grene,  
Nor *Pebillis* at the Play ;  
As wes of wowaris, as I wene,  
At *Christis Kirk* on ane day :  
Thair came our kitties, wesken clene,  
In thair new kirtillis of gray,  
Full gay,  
At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day.

## II.

To dans thir damyfellis thame dicht,  
Thir lassies licht of laitis,  
Thair gluvis war of the raffel rycht,  
Thair shune wer of the straitis,  
Thair kirtillis wer of Lynkome licht,  
Weil preft with mony plaitis,

H

Thay



Thay wer fa nyfs quhen men thame nicht,  
 Thay squelit lyke ony gaitis,  
 Sa loud,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

### III.

Of all thir madynis, myld as meid,  
 Wes nane fa jympt as *Gillie*,  
 As ony rose hir rude wes reid,  
 Hir lyre wes lyke the lillie:  
 Fow zellow zellow wes hir heid,  
 Bot scho of lufe wes fillie ;  
 Tho<sup>t</sup> all hir kin had fworn hir deid,  
 Scho wald haif bot *sweet Willie*  
Alane,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

#### IV.

Scho skornit *Jok*, and skrapit at him,  
And murgeonit him with mokkis,  
He wald haif lufit, scho wald not lat him,  
For all his zellow lokkis,  
He chereift hir, scho bad gae chat him,  
Scho compt him not twa clokkis,  
Sa schamefully his schort gown fet him,  
His lymis wer lyk two rokakis,  
Scho said,  
At Christis Kirk, &c.



## V.

*Tam Lutar* wes thair menstral meit,  
 O Lord, as he could lanfs !  
 He playit fa fchill, and sang fa fweit,  
 Quhile *Tousy* tuke a trans,  
 Auld *Lightfute* thair he did forleit,  
 And counterfuttet *Franfs* ;  
 He used himself as man discreit,  
 And up tuke *Moreifs* danfs  
 Full loud,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

## VI.

Then *Steven* cam steppand in with stendis,  
 Na rynk mycht him arreist ;  
*Platefute* he bobit up with bendis  
 For *Mald* he made requiest,  
 He lap quhill he lay on his lendis,  
 But ryfand he wes priest,  
 Quhill that he oisted at bayth endis,  
 For honour of the feist  
 That day,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

## VII.

Syne *Robene Roy* begouth to revell,  
 And *Downy* till him druggit ;

H 2

Ect.



*Let be, quo Jok, and caw'd him javell,*  
*And be the taill him tuggit,*  
*The kenfy cleikit to the cavell,*  
*Bot, lord, than how thay luggit !*  
*Thay partit manly with a nevell,*  
*God wait gif hair was ruggit*  
*Betwix thame*
*At Christis Kirk, &c.*

## VIII.

*Ane bent a bow, sic sturt coud steir him,*  
*Grit skayth wes'd to haif skard him,*  
*He cheset a flane as did affeir him,*  
*'The toder said *dirdum dardum* !*  
*Throw baith the cheikis he thocht to cheir him,*  
*Or throw the ers heif chard him,*  
*Bot be ane *aikerbraid* it cam not *neir him,**  
*I can nocht tell quhat marr'd him*  
*Thair,*
*At Christis Kirk, &c.*

## IX.

*With that a freynd of his cry'd, fy !*  
*And up ane arrow drew,*  
*He forgit it sa furiously,*  
*The bow in flenderis flew ;*  
*Sa wes the will of God, trow I,*  
*For had the tre bene trew,*

Men

Men said, that kend his archery,  
That he had flane enow  
That day,  
At Christis Kirk, &c.

**X.**

An hafty-hensure, callit *Hary*,  
 Quha wes ane archer heynd,  
 Tilt up a taikle withouten tary,  
 That torment sa him teynd ;  
 I wait not quhider his hand could vary,  
 Or the man was his freynd,  
 For he eschapit, throw michts of Mary,  
 As man that na ill meynd,  
 But gude,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XI.

Then *Lowry* as ane lyon lap,  
And sone a flane can feddir,  
He hecht to pers him at the pap,  
Theron to wed a weddir,  
He hit him on the *wame* a wap,  
It *bust* lyk ony bledder ;  
But sua his fortune was and hap,  
His doublit wes maïd of ledder,  
And saist him  
At Christis Kirk, &c.



## XII.

The buff so boisterously abaist him,  
 That he to the eard dusht doun,  
 The uther man for deid then left him,  
 And fled out o' the toune ;  
 The wyves came furth, and up they reft him,  
 And fand lyfe in the loune,  
 Then with three routis up they reft him,  
 And cur'd him of his foune  
 Fra hand that day,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XIII.

A yaip young man, that stude him neist,  
 Lous'd aff a schott with yre,  
 He ettlit the bern in at the breist,  
 The bolt flew ou'r the byre,  
 Ane cry'd fy ! he had flane a priest  
 A myle beyond ane myre ;  
 Then bow and bag fra him he keist,  
 And fled as ferfs as fyre  
 Of flint,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XIV.

With forks and flails they lent grit flappis,  
 And flang togidder lyk friggis,

With

With bougars of barnis thay beft blew kappis,  
 Quhyle thay of bernis maid briggis;  
 The reird rais rudely with the rapps,  
 Quhen rungis wer layd on riggis,  
 The wyffis cam furth with cryis and clappis,  
 Lo quhair my lyking ligs,

Quo thay,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

### XV.

Thay gyrnit and lait gird with grainis,  
 Ilk goffip uder grievit,  
 Sum strak with stings, sum gatherit stainis,  
 Sum fled and ill mischevit;  
 The *menstral* wan within twa wainis,  
 That day full weil he previt,  
 For he cam hame with unbirst bainis,  
 Quhair fechtaris wer mischievit

For evir,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

### XVI.

Heich *Hutcheon* with a hissil ryfs,  
 To red can throw thame rummill,  
 He muddlit thame doun lyk ony myfs,  
 He wes na baity bummil;  
 Thoch he wes wight, he wes nocht wyfs  
 With sic jangleurs to jummil,

For



For fra his thowme thay dang a sklyfs,  
 Quhile he cryed *barlafummil*,  
 I am flane,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XVII.

Quhen that he saw his blude sa reid,  
 To fle might na man let him,  
 He weind it bene for auld done feid,  
 He thocht ane cryed, haif at him!  
 He gart his *feit* defend his *heid*,  
 The far fairer it set him,  
 Quhyle he wes past out of all pleid,  
 He suld bene swift that gat him  
 Throw speid,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XVIII.

The *town souter* in grief wes bowdin,  
 His wyfe hang in his waist,  
 His body wes with blud all browdin,  
 He grainit lyk ony gaist;  
 Hir glitterand hair that wes full gowdin,  
 Sa hard in lufe him laist,  
 That for hir sake he wes na yowdin  
 Seven myle that he wes chaist,  
 And mair,

At Christis Kirk, &c,

## XIX.

## XIX.

The *millar* wes of manly mak,  
 To meit him wes na mowis,  
 Thai durst not ten cum him to tak,  
 Sa nowitit he thair powis ;  
 The buschment haill about him brak,  
 And bickert him with bows,  
 Syn traytourly behind his back  
 They hewit him on the howifs  
 Behind,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XX.

Twa that wer *herdsmen* of the herd,  
 Ran upon udderis lyk rammis,  
 Than followit feymen richt unaffeird,  
 Bet on with barrow trammis,  
 But quhair thair gobbis wer ungeird,  
 Thay gat upon the gammis,  
 Quhyle bludy berkit wes their baird,  
 As thay had worriet lammis  
 Maist lyk,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XXI.

The *ayves* kest up a hideous yell,  
 When all thir younkeris yokkit,

Als



Als ferfs as ony fyre flaughts fell,  
 Freiks to the field thay flokit;  
 The carlis with clubbis coud udir quell,  
 Quhyle blude at breiftis out bokkit,  
 Sa rudely rang the common bell,  
 Quhyll all the steipill rokit

For reid,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XXII.

Quhyn thay had berit lyk baitit bullis,  
 And branewod brynt in bails,  
 Thay wer als meik as ony mulis  
 That mangit wer with mailis;  
 For faintnefs tha forfochtin fulis  
 Fell doun lyk flauchtir failis,  
 And fresch men cam in and hail'd the dulis,  
 And dang tham doun in dailis,

Bedene,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

## XXIII.

Quhen all wes done, *Dik* with ane aix  
 Cam furth to fell a fuddir,  
 Quod he, quhair ar yon hangit fmaix,  
 Rycht now wald flane my bruder:  
 His wyf bad him ga hame, Gib glaiks,  
 And sa did *Meg* his muder,

He

He turnit and gaif them bayth thair paikis,  
For he durst ding nane udir,  
For feir,  
At Chrifteis Kirk of the Grene that day.

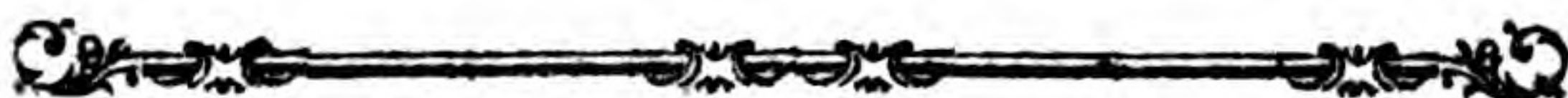
F I N I S.





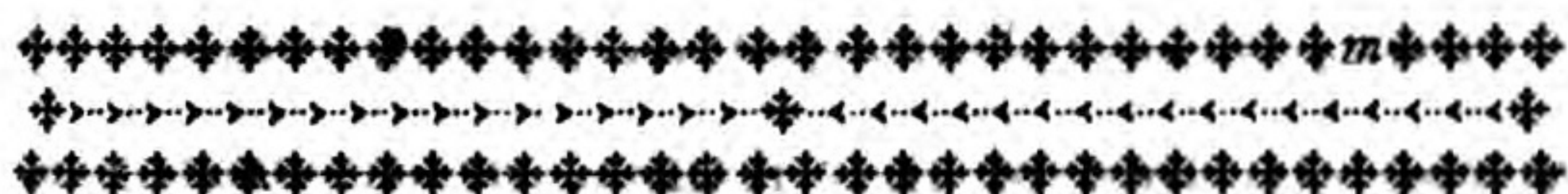


PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.









## INTRODUCTION.

THE following old Poem, the composition of king James I. of Scotland, was discovered by Dr Percy, the Editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, and published in the Second Volume of a late Collection of Select Scottish Ballads, (by Mr Pinkerton) anno 1783.

DR Percy informs us, that this poem is preserved in the Pepysian Library, at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in an ancient M. S. collection of old Scottish songs and poems in *folio*, which had been a present to the founder of that library, (Mr Pepys) from the duke of Lauderdale, minister to king Charles II. It had originally belonged to that duke's ancestor Sir Richard Maitland, Knt. who lived in the reign of queen Mary, and her son, king James VI.



THIS poem is alluded to by king James I. in the 4th line of first stanza, of his poem of Christ's Kirk of the Green, and it is quoted as his composition by John Major in his Scottish History. Major seems to hint that a parody had been made of this poem of the king's, for on the subject of some low intrigue in which he had been discovered, his words are——“ *Fu-*  
 “ *cundum artificiosum illum Cantum (composuit)*  
 “ *at Beltayn, &c. quam alii de Dalkeith et*  
 “ *Gargeil mutare studuerunt, quia in arce aut*  
 “ *camera clausus servabatur, in qua mulier cum*  
 “ *matre habitabat.*”

PEEBLES, the scene of the poem is the head town of the county of Tweeddale, situated on the banks of the river Tweed, in a pastoral country abounding with game, which made it often be resorted to by our ancient Scottish kings. The annual games of archery, and other pastimes at Peebles, appear to have been of very ancient institution.

# PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

---

## I.

**A**T beltane, quhen ilk bodie bownis  
To Peblis to the Play,  
To heir the singin and the foundis ;  
The solace, futh to say,  
Be firth and forrest furth they found ;  
Thay graythit tham full gay ;  
God wait that wald they do that stound,  
For it was thair feist day,  
Thay said,  
Of Peblis to the Play.

## II.

All the wenchis of the west  
War up or the cok crew ;  
For reiling thair micht na man rest,  
For garray, and for glew : .  
Ane said my curches ar nocht prest ;  
Than answerit Meg full blew,



To get an hude, I hald it best ;  
 Bē Goddis faull that is true,

Quod scho,

Of Peblis to the Play.

III.

She tuik the tippet be the end,  
 To lat it hing scho leit not ;  
 Quod he, thy bak fall beir ane bend ;  
 In faith, quod she, we meit not.  
 Scho was so gūckit, and so gend,  
 That day ane byt scho eit nocht ;  
 Than spak hir fallowis that hir kend ;  
 Be still, my joy, and greit not

Now.

Of Peblis to the Play.

IV.

Evir allace ! than said scho,  
 Am I nocht cleirlye tynt ?  
 I dar nocht cum yon merçat to  
 I am so evvil fone-brint ;  
 Amang yon merchands my dudds do ?  
 Marie I fall anis mynt  
 Stand of far, and keik thaim to ;  
 As I at hame was wont,

Quod scho.

Of Peblis to the Play.

V.

## V.

Hop, Calyé, and Cardronow  
 Gaderit out thik-fald,  
 With Hey and How rohumbelow ;  
 The young folk were full bald.  
 The bagpype blew, and thai out threw  
 Out of the townis untald.  
 Lord sic ane schout was thame amang,  
 Quhen thai were our the wald  
 Thair west,  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

## VI.

Ane young man stert in to that steid,  
 Als cant as ony colt,  
 Ane birkin hat upon his heid,  
 With ane bow and ane bolt ;  
 Said, Mirrie Madinis, think not lang ;  
 The wedder is fair and smolt.  
 He cleikit up ane hie ruf fang,  
*Thair fure ane man to the bolt*  
 Quod he.  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

## VII.

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait  
 Quhen the madinis come upon thame,

Ilkane



Ilk ane man gaif his confait,  
 How at thai wald dispone thame :  
 Ane said The fairest fallis me ;  
 Tak ye the laif and fone thame.  
 Ane uther said Wys me lat be.  
 On, Twedell fyd, and on thame  
Swyth,
 Of Peblis to the Play.

## VIII.

Than he to ga, and fcho to ga,  
 And never ane bad abyd you :  
 Ane winklot fell and her taill up ;  
 Wow, quod Malkin, hyd yow  
 Quhat neidis you to maik it sua ?  
 Yon man will not ourryd you.  
 Ar ye owr gude, quod fcho, I say,  
 To lat thame gang befyd yow  
Yonder,
 Of Peblis to the Play ?

## IX.

Than thai come to the townis end  
 Withouttin more delai,  
 He befoir, and fcho befoir,  
 To see quha was maist gay.  
 All that luikit thame upon  
 Leuche fast at thair array :

Sum

Sum said that thai were merkat folk ;  
Sum said the Quene of May  
Was cumit  
Of Peblis to the Play.

**X.**

Than thai to the taverne hous  
 With meikle oly prance ;  
 Ane spak wi wourdis wonder crous  
 A done with ane mischance !  
 Braid up the burde, (he hydis tyt)  
 We ar all in ane trance ;  
 Se that our napre be quhyt,  
 For we will dyn and daunce,  
Thair out,
 Of Peblis to the Play.

## XI.

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,  
Ane scorit upon the wauch.  
Ane bad pay, ane ither said, nay,  
Byd quhill we rakin our lauch.  
The gud wyf said, Have ye na dreid?  
Ye fall pay at ye aucht.  
Ane young man start upon his feit,  
And he began to lauche  
For heydin,  
Of Peblis to the Play.

XII.



## XII.

He gat ane trinchour in his hand,  
 And he began to compt;  
 Ilk man twa and ane happenie,  
 To pay thus we war wount.  
 Ane uther stert upon his feit,  
 And said thow art our blunt  
 To tak sik office upoun hand;  
 Be God thow servite ane dunt

Of me,

Of Peblis to the Play.

## XIII.

Ane dunt, quod he, quhat dewil is that?  
 Be God yow dar not du'd.  
 He stert till ane broggit stauf,  
 Wincheand as he war woode.  
 All that hous was in an reirde;  
 Ane cryit, 'The halie rude!  
 'Help us lord upon this erde  
 'That thair be spilt na blude  
 'Heirin,  
 'Of Peblis to the Play.'

## XIV.

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis  
 Withouttin ony reddin;

Gilbert

Gilbert in ane guttar glayde  
 He gat na better beddin.  
 Thair wes not ane of thame that day  
 Wald do ane utheris biddin.  
 Thairby lay thre and threttie sum,  
 Thrunland in ane midding

Off draff.

Of Peblis to the Play.

### XV.

Ane cadgear on the mercat gait  
 Hard thame bargane begin ;  
 He gaiff ane schout, his wyff came out ;  
 Scantlie scho micht ourhye him :  
 He held, scho drew, for duft that day  
 Micht na man se ane styme

To red thame.

Of Peblis to the Play.

### XVI.

He stert to his greit gray meir,  
 And of he tumblit the creilis.  
 Alace, quod scho, hald our gude man :  
 And on hir knees scho knelis.  
 Abyd, quod scho ; why nay, quod he,  
 In till his stirrapis he lap ;

The



The girding brak, and he flew of,  
And upstart bayth his heilis

At anis,

Of Peblis to the Play.

### XVII.

His wyf came out, and gaif ane fchout,  
And be the fute fcho gat him ;  
All bedirtin drew him out ;  
Lord God ! richt weil that fat him !  
He faid, Quhair is yon culroun knaif ?  
Quod fcho, I reid ye lat him  
Gang hame his gaites. Be God, quod he,  
I fall anis have at him

Yit.

Of Peblis to the Play.

### XVIII.

Ye fylit me, fy for fchame ! quod fcho :  
Se as ye have drest me ;  
How feil ye, fchir, as my girdin brak  
Quhat meikle devil may left me.  
I wait weil quhat it wes  
My awin gray meir that keft me :  
Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt,  
And fyn lay doun to rest me

Yonder,

Of Peblis to the Play.

### XIX.

## XIX.

Be that the bargan was all playit  
 The stringis stert out of thair nokks ;  
 Sevin-sum that the tulye maid,  
 Lay gruffling in the stokks.  
 John Jakfoun of the nether warde  
 Had lever have giffin an ox,  
 Or he had cuming in that cumpanie,  
 He fware be Goddis cokkis,  
 And mannis bayth,  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

## XX.

With that Will Swane come fueitand out,  
 Ane meikle miller man ;  
 Gif I fall dance have donn lat se  
 Blaw up the bagpyp than :  
 The schamon's dance I mon begin ;  
 I trow it fall not pane.  
 So hevelje he hockit about  
 To se him, Lord, as thai ran  
 That tyd,  
 Of Peblis to the Play !

## XXI.

Thay gadderit out of the toun  
 And neirar him thai dreuche ;

K

Ane



Ane bade gif the daunfaris rowme,  
 Will Swane makis wounder teuche.  
 Than all the wenschis Te he thai playit ;  
 But, lord, as Will Young leuche !  
 Gude gossip come hyn your gaitis,  
 For we have daunfit aneuche

At anis

At Peblis at the Play.

## XXII.

Sa ferlie fyr heit wes the day  
 His face began to frekill.  
 Than Tisbe tuik him by the hand,  
 (Wes new cuming fra the Seckill)  
 Allace, quod scho, quhat sall I do ?  
 And our doure hes na stekill.  
 And scho to ga as hir taill brynt ;  
 And all the cairlis to kekill

At hir.

Of Peblis to the Play.

## XXIII.

The pyper said now I begin  
 To tyre for playing to ;  
 Bot yit I have gottin nathing  
 For all my pyping to you ; .  
 Thre happenis for half ane day  
 And that will not undo you :

And

And gif ye will gif me richt nocht,  
The meikill devill gang wi you,  
Quod he,  
Of Peblis to the Play.

## XXIV.

Be that the daunfing wes all done,  
Thair leif tuik les and mair ;  
Quhen the winklottis and the wawarris twynit  
To se it was hart fair.  
Wat Atkin said to fair Ales,  
My bird now will I fayr :  
The dewil a wourde that scho might speik,  
Bet swownit that sweit of fwair  
For kyndnes.

## Of Peblis to the Play.

## XXV.

He fippilit lyk ane faderles fole ;  
 ‘ And be still my fweith thing.  
 ‘ Be the halyrud of Peblis  
 ‘ I may nocht rest for greting.’  
 He quhiffillit, and he pypit bayth,  
 To mak hir blyth that meiting :  
 My hony hart how fayis the fang,  
 ‘ *Thair fall be mirth at our meting*  
 ‘ *Yit.*’

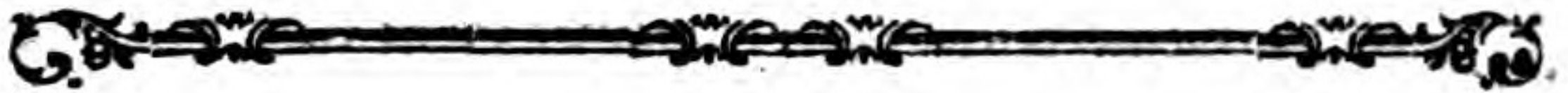
### Of Peblis to the Play.



## XXVI.

Be that the sone was settand schaftis ;  
And neir done wes the day :  
Thair men nicht heir schriken of chaftis  
Quhen that thai went thair way.  
Had thair bein mair made of this fang,  
Mair fuld I to yow say.  
At beltane ilka bodie bownd  
To Peblis to the Play.

Two

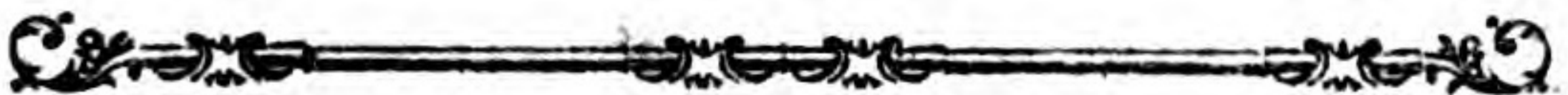


T W O

# ANCIENT SCOTISH POEMS,

COMMONLY ASCRIBED TO

K I N G J A M E S, V.









## INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of the two following ballads are night adventures of king James V, who, as is said, used frequently in his juvenile days, to make excursions by himself thro' the country in disguise.

UNIVERSAL tradition down to the present time has given the first of these, *viz.* the Gaberlunzie Man, as the composition of that sprightly and accomplished prince, who was a poet himself, and one of the greatest promoters of poetry, and of the liberal arts and sciences of his age. Of this the bright constellation of poets, which in his time adorned our Northern Hemisphere, does sufficiently attest. Such were Dunbar, Bellenden, Dean of Murray, Henryson, Montgomery, Sir Richard  
K 4 Maitland,



## INTRODUCTION.

Maitland, and Sir David Lindsay, who flourished in his time.

THE ballad of the Jollie Beggar, is surely not the composition of king James. From the language it evidently seems to be of a more modern date; and tho' no mean performance, it does not equal the king's poem in humour. We give it a place here, only from the subject which is similar to the Gaberlunzie, and as throwing traditionary light on the story of the last ballad, to wit, that in the king's excursions, he took care to have some of his knights attendant at a distance, so as to secure him against danger or insult, while in disguise.

The circumstance, of blowing his horn and  
—*Four and twenty belted knights came riding o'er  
the hill.*

And on his emerging from his disguise, and appearing

—*The bravest gentleman that was among them a'.*  
Are truly picturesque, and might furnish a subject for a Henslow or a Teniers.

T H E

# G A B E R L U N Z I E - M A N.

---

## I.

**T**HE pauky auld Carle came o'er the lee,  
Wi' mony gude eens and days to mee,  
Saying, Gudewife, for zour courtesie,  
Will zee ludge a filly poor man.  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down azont the ingle he sat;  
My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

## II.

**O** Wow ! quo' he, war I as free,  
As first whan I saw this country,  
How blythe and mirry wad I be !  
And I wad never think lang.  
He grew canty, and scho grew fain ;  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir flee twa togidder war sayen,  
Whan wooing they war sae thrang.

## III.



## III.

And O! quo' he, ann zee war as black,  
 As evir the crown o' your daddy's hat,  
 'Tis I wad lay thee be me bak,

And awa wi' thee I'd gang.

And O! quo' sho, ann I war as whyte  
 As er the snaw lay on the dyke,  
 I'd cleid me braw and lady like,

And awa wi' thee I'd gang.

## IV.

Between the twa was made a plot,  
 They raise a wee befor the cock,  
 And wylily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent ar they gane.

Upon the morn the auld wyf raise,  
 And at her leisure pat on her claife,  
 Syne to the servants bed scho gaes,

To speir for the filly poor man.

## V.

She gaed to the bed whar the beggar lay,  
 The strae was cauld, he was away;  
 Scho clapt her hands, cry'd, dulefu-day!

For some o' our gier will be gane.

Sume ran to coffers, and sume to kists,  
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist;  
 She dancid her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest!

I have ludg'd a leil poor man.

## VI.

Since nathing's awa, as we can learn,  
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the house, lafs, and waken my bairn,  
    And bid her come quickly ben.  
The fervant gaed quhar the dochter lay,  
The sheits war cauld, scho was away,  
And fast to her gudewife 'gan fay,  
    Scho's aff wi' the Gaberlunzie-man.

## VII.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And hafte ye find these traiters agen :  
For scho's be burnt, and hee's be flean.  
    The weirifou' Gaberlunzie-man.  
Some rade upo' horfe, some ran a-fit,  
The wife was wude, and out o' her wit ;  
Scho cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd scho fit,  
    But ay scho curs't and scho bann'd.

## VIII.

Mein tym far hind out o'wr the lee,  
Fu' snug in a glen whar nane cou'd see,  
Thir twa, wi' kindly sport and glee,  
    Cut frae a new cheefe a whang.  
The prieving was good, it pleas'd them baith,  
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith,  
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,  
    My winsom Gaberlunzie-man.

## IX.



## IX.

O kend my minny I war wi' you,  
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',  
Sic a pure man she'd nevir trow,

After the Gaberlunzie-man.

My dear, quod he, zere zet o'wr zoung,  
An' hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,  
To fallow me frae toun to toun,

And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

## X.

Wi' kauk and keel I'll win zour bread,  
And spinnels aud quhorles for them wha need,  
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,  
An' draw a black clout owr my eye,  
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,

While we will be merry and sing.

The

T H E

J O L L I E   B E G G A R.

---

**T**HERE was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was  
boun,

And he tuik up his quarters into a landart toun.

*And we'll gang nae mair a roving*

*Sae late into the nicht ;*

*And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,*

*Let the moon shine naer sae bricht.*

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre ;

But in ahint the ha door, or els afore the fyre,

*And we'll gang, &c.*

The beggars bed was made at een wi gude clean straw  
and hay,

But in ahint the ha dore, and there the beggar lay.

*And we'll gang, &c.*

Upraise the gude man's dochter and for to bar the  
door,

And there she saw the beggar standing i' the floor,

*And we'll gang, &c.*

He



He tuke the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran ;  
O hooly, hooly wi me Sir ! Ye'll waken our gude man.  
*And we'll gang, &c.*

The beggar was a cunnin loon, and ne'er a word he  
spak  
Till he gat his turn doon, fyne he began to crack.  
*And we'll gang, &c.*

Is there ony dogs into this toun ? Maiden tell me  
trew.  
And what wad ye do wi them, my hinny and my  
dow ?  
*And we'll gang, &c.*

They'll rive a my meal pocks, and do me mickle  
wrang,  
—O dool for the doing o't ! Are ye the poor man ?  
*And we'll gang, &c.*

Then she tuik up the meal pocks, and flang them at  
the wa.  
The deil gae wi the meal pocks, my maidenhead and a.  
*And we'll gang, &c.*

I tuik ye for some gentleman, at least the laird o Bro-  
die.  
O dool for the doing o't ! Are ye the poor bodie ?  
*And we'll gang, &c.*

He

He tuik the lassie in his arms, and gae her kiffes three,  
And four and twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice  
fee.

*And we'll gang, &c.*

He tuik a horn frae his fide, and blew baith loud and  
shrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping  
our the hill.

*And we'll gang, &c.*

And he tuik out his little knife, loot a his duddies fa,  
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang  
them a.

*And we'll gang, &c.*

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulde-  
richt,

O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternicht.

*And we'll gang, &c.*









